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### THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1867.

### THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

MR. SEWARD continues to urge upon the British government the claims of our citizens who suffered by the depredations of the notorious rebel cruiser Alabama. The grounds upon which these claims are based are, confessedly, the want of due diligence and good faith on the part of British officials in not preventing the escape or exit of the Alabama from a British port, where she had been built and equipped for the purpose of preying upon our commerce. The British government for answer say that they exercised all the diligence it was possible for them to exercise and took all the steps that their municipal law allowed them to take to prevent her departure. This plea, it will be perceived, raises two points in international law:

First, Is the measure of diligence which a neutral government is bound to exert to prevent a belligerent from fitting out a vessel of war in its ports to be measured by the requirements of the municipal law of the neutral nation?

Second, Is a neutral government liable to respond in damages to the citizens of a friendly belligerent for the losses sustained by reason of neglect of duty or incompetence of subordinate officers charged with the duty of preventing infractions of international

With respect to the first proposition, we have been surprised to find so little stress laid upon it in the discussion of the subject on the side of the United States. It would appear to be settled doctrine at this day that a nation's obligations as a neutral to a friendly nation are not to be judged by the laws made by the neutral, which have no force whatever a international law. Earl Russell rather zealously wged the assertion that he could take no steps to prevent infractions of neutrality excepting by virtue of the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act, But, if the standard elementary writers on the sub-ject are to be taken as authority, the duties of one nation to another have no relation whatever to the municipal laws of either nation, but are governed by another system-by the rules of international law.

The second proposition, however, contains the gist of the whole question. If a friendly nation is bound to pay all damages naturally resulting from the violation of the laws or the law of nations, on the part of its citizens, whether that violation be caused by want of diligence on the part of its officers or by bad faith, then the British government is liable for the depredations of the Alabama. Now, there cannot be a doubt but that, as we have lately affirmed, the popular mind of the country is impressed with a belief in this liability and that the popular voice would sustain the government in insisting upon it. But we hold that this doctrine cannot be maintained by the citation of precedents, and is not alleged by any writer whose works are now received as authority. Nor do we wish to see such a doctrine established. As the law now stands, the United States acknowledges an obligation to preserve impartiality between foreign belligerents; but it would be carrying this obligation to a very dangerous length to say that we acknowledge ourselves bound to indemnify and hold harmless the citizens of foreign belligerent nations against damage done by persons or vessels which have succeeded in evading us. Such a doctrine would be objection-able on more grounds than one. Such is not the law and we hope that no considerations of mere diplomatic pride, or greed of gold on behalf of a dozen rich insurance companies, will allow our government to subscribe to such a radical change in the law of nations. In the case of the Meteor, libelled and condemned in our courts last summer on a charge of being intended to cruise against Spanish commerce in the interest of Chile, we prevented her sailing;

she was condemned and sold; but if the doctrine of liability is to be made law, we may still have a pretty bill to bay on her account, for she has sailed for the Pacific, and may turn up there armed to the teeth and with the Chilian flag at her peak. The condition of affairs in Ireland may at any moment enlist the efforts of thousands of active sympathizers here, who may by some subtle evasion or by the connivance of public officers of Fenian proclivities succeed in sending to sea half a dozen fleet cruisers with the sunburst flying. Is it, then, wise for us to make ourselves responsible to Spain and England in such cases for the mere sake of the money we will get for the Alabama claims? And these ideas are perfectly well understood by Lord Derby's ministry. His readiness to treat on the subject comes too late. It is apparent that it is instigated by fear and made from politic motives. It is not that the people of England believe any more in the justice of the claims than they ever did. It is because they see the danger to them in sustaining the old rule. A similar want of backbone was exhibited by Mr. Seward shortly after the rebellion broke out. It will be remembered that we refused to give our assent to the regulation against the use of privateers in the convention of Paris. As soon as it was known that the rebels were fitting out privateers, Mr. Seward sent in his assent, to have it thrown very politely, and in connection with assurances of distinguished consideration, in his face. The present sudden desire to settle our Alabama claims springs from the same motive. We do not admire the spirit which prompted either, and we hope that Mr. Seward will now apply the retort courteous and withdraw the Alabama claims altogether from the consideration of the government of Great Britain. More particularly we hope for this course of action if, as it is asserted by the public journals, the presentation of British claims on our government for property lost or destroyed during the war is to be made a condition of the arrangement respecting the Alabama claims. It would be bad enough in our view of the question for us to be obliged to accept a full indemnity for the damage done by the soi-disant Admiral Semmes, and thus pledge our government for all time to make similar indemnity for the ravages of cruisers that may hereafter succeed in evading our efforts to enforce impartial neutrality. But to be forced, as a condition of such payment, even to take into consideration the class of claims of British subjects alluded to, would be an indignity which we think the American people would not willingly subject themselves to. These claims comprise the most extraordinary list of grievances ever heard of. Loss of cotton destroyed by our armies; damages for imprisoning British rebels; claims of blockade-runners; and, of course, include the claims of the holders of the Confederate bonds, for those gentlemen have already given abundant evidence that they possess impudence sufficient to entitle them to be included.

### THE PROSPECTS OF FARO,

SINCE the elevation to Congress of the Hon. John Morrissey his ebon-legged fraternity appear to think they have risen notably in the social scale, and that the profession of which he is the bright and guiding star has gained the right to be enrolled in the list of honorable and legitimate occupations. They formerly paid that homage to virtue which is implied by carrying on their trade in secret, and, although the police and men about town were perfectly aware of their haunts and characters, neither, by a species of tolerant fiction, were assumed to exist as tangible realities. The benevolent-looking gentry who gather in knots on such corners as that of Hous ton Street and Broadway were supposed to be gentle-men of elegant leisure, thoughtful observers from the country, perhaps, or captains of police in plain clothes, having retired on half-pay. The doorways about which these seductive beings most congregated led up to picture exhibitions, or tailor-shops, or furnished lodgings of an innocent character-to anything, in short, but to the mystic temples of the green cloth, where every night the bubbling champagne flows like water, and the pleasant ring of ivory checks makes a perpetual cadence most musical to the ears of the sons of faro. But the dizzy rise in life of the high priest

in our congressional halls, perhaps as preliminary to assuming the imperial purple, of the hard-fisted and fat-pursed Morrissey, has apparently done away with the necessity, if any ever existed, for throwing a decorous veil over the ostensible practice of gaming. The business has become legitimatized and made respectable, just as that of an author rises in dignity when practised by an emperor. We have little doubt but that by-and-by we shall have public gambling rooms in every direction, open in broad daylight, and patronized by women as well as men, or, indeed, the tables presided over by the softer sex, a custom which was found to be so very profitable in the early days of San Francisco. It must be admitted that we are moving in such a direction, as witness the following advertisement, which is quoted from the Herald of January 22:

A N ELEGANT SUIT OF PARLORS, ON FIRST FLOOR, on Broadway, between Eighth and Tenth Streets, suitable for a Faro bank. Address C. B., box — Post-office.

There can be little doubt but that "C. B." has let his apartments ere this, and the omission of the number of his box will, therefore, do him no harm. But why, under existing circumstances, he should screen his identity by the use of initials we fail to perceive. Since he is willing to rent his house for such a purpose and evidently thinks it a perfectly legitimate one, why not let us know who he is? Clearly there would be no risk about such a publicity, since the business is to be carried on in "an elegant suit of parlors" and "on Broadway." Were it a cellar on Chatham Street or an attic in the Bowery reticence would assuredly be politic, since our vigilant police would knock his budding enterprise on the head in no time.

The flattering prospects which are now opening to the worshipful fraternity of blacklegs constitute a subject of interest to the whole metropolitan community; not alone, we should observe, in a moral point of view, but in a financial one. The temporary interruption on Sunday night of Mr. John C. Heenan's little game is not to be regarded as indicative of permanent disaster to the prospects of faro. Mr. Heenan is not in Congress and is not on the best terms with his powerful quondam enemy, who is; reasons for exceptional treatment which the knowing ones well understand and appreciate. That the trade of gambling should get into a flourishing condition means, among other things, that rents for space wherein to carry on other less profitable and more honest trades must be proportionately forced up. Gambling and the parallel business carried on by unfortunates of the other sex must certainly raise rents in this city for respectable dwellings by at least ten per cent. This may at first sight appear too high an estimate; but if we consider the accessible statistics, make fair allowance for those we cannot get at, and also for the fact that such callings, while paying a high price for quarters, depreciate their neighborhoods and so diminish the number of localities eligible for respectable families, the calculation will not appear unreasonable. It, however, requires no argument to prove the well-known fact that the prevalence of vice in any community makes it more difficult in an economic sense for the virtuous to live. The worst feature about these particular forms of vice is that people not only of wealth but of respectable social position so frequently connive at and encourage them. We do not mean by direct patronage—although, of course, there is plenty of that-but by letting their property in the full knowledge that it is to be used for such purposes and no other. The temptation, of course, is that of getting a higher price than reputable tenants can afford to pay; and the excuse, after the thing has once been done, for continuing always to do it, is that the ill name of the house and neighborhood renders it impossible tog et rent at all save from a particular class.

It is a fact, which we cite as a peculiarly disgrace-ful case in point, that beautiful and accomplished young women moving in our most fashionable circles are, in many instances, the owners of houses of notorious infamy, and are thus habitually enriched by the wages of the systematic degradation of their sex. The newspapers have recently been publishing municipal reports of the numbers and localities of improper houses; that which ought to be published is a list of of this fascinating diversion—the sudden appearance the names of their owners, that the public might know

Wheaton's International Law, 8th ed., page 562.

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and judge the individuals, of whatever sex or position, who are willing to swell their purse by the habitual encouragement of vice. It is surely not easy to draw a moral distinction between such indirect aiding and abetting and that direct participation which, however, the offenders would be, in many instances, among the first to condemn. A person who lets for the acknowledged purpose of gambling or prostitution may be very much better than the hirer, but we really cannot perceive in what the superiority can consist. The latter, indeed, evinces most boldness, while the former shares the gains. Such landlords undoubtedly desire to show that respect for conventionality which is evinced by concealing or affecting ignorance of the use to which their property is devoted, but it cannot be said that the hypocrisy proves them to be better men. It is unhappily true that the all but universal indifference which prevails in society as to how people get money, provided they only get it, would deprive such an exposure as the one we suggest of much of its sting. The elevation to Congress of the illustrious personage above mentioned, whose peculiarities of both arm and leg have so successfully enabled him to climb the hill of fame and fortune, carries a moral which, whether it does any good or not, is unmistak-With such an example before us, strengthened by such a significant straw as we have plucked from The Herald's busy current, there can be no great hope, it is to be feared, for some time to come of any sensible decrement in the flourishing prospects of faro.

### THE NEW YORK COURT OF APPEALS.

F it be accepted as an axiom, that a judicial sys-If it be accepted as an aniom, once a street tem which unnecessarily prolongs litigation and delays the final decision of causes must be an imperfect one, then the Court of Appeals of this state is about as obnoxious as a court can well be. There are upon the calendar of this court over one thousand causes; and, at the rate at which these causes are now being decided, it will take about four years to dispose of the work already before the court. It will be remembered that this is only the delay of the court of last resort. In addition to this, we must take into consideration the time which it takes to get a case into that court. In the Supreme Court in this county a trial can rarely be had until the issue is at least a year old, and this is without any attempts to delay the trial on either side. An appeal from the judgment at the Circuit can rarely be determined at the General Term within another year, so that it requires six years, at the shortest, for a cause to reach its final determination, after its commencement. The evil is in part to be attributed to the fact that all causes where the people of this state are a party, and all causes in which executors or administrators are interested, are preferred and take priority of ordinary law suits. But this is only a partial reason. The real trouble is far deeper, and is founded on a radical defect in our present system of appeals. Before the code of procedure came into effect appeals were not allowed as of right in all cases. The machinery for obtaining a review in the court of last resort was by what is called a writ of error. In order to obtain this writ, it was necessary that the party applying for it should satisfy the judge of the appellate tribunal to whom he made his application that he had good grounds for seeking a review. To enable the judge to exercise his judgment, the exceptions taken on the trial were exhibited, and if there was any question involved on these exceptions not already fully settled the writ was allowed. Under our present system an appeal may be taken whether there is any question of law involved in the decision appealed from or not. The only necessary requisite being the giving of security. Thus we find that rich suitors always carry their causes to the Court of Appeals. They may have a perfectly hopeless case. Their appeal may be only intended to annoy and harass their adversary. No matter, time is gained; and the chapter of accidents may bring about a compromise. Now, it needs no argument to prove the essential badness of this system. The mere statement of the fact that the right to appeal is absolute, carries with it the inevitable conclusion that such right will be unceasingly abused.

It is a terrible engine in the hands of corporations,

days since in the Supreme Court, in this city, a poor woman recovered a judgment of \$5,000 damages against a city railroad company for injuries received in getting off a car, caused by the gross negligence of the servants of the company. Now, there is no question of law involved in this case. The law on this subject is definitely settled in this state; settled, too, very strongly in favor of the railroad companies. The Court of Appeals has decided that the carelessness of the company must be the sole cause of the disaster. Any carelessness or negligence on the part of the person injured, no matter how slight, will defeat that person's right to recover. This law was properly laid down by the court in the case in question, and the jury by their verdict decided that the plaintiff was blameless and that the company had grievously damaged her. After the trial a stockholder of the company said to a young man who was discussing the matter with him, "Before this woman gets that money your hair will be gray." We believe the remark to be perfectly true. But what a commentary it is upon our boasted judicial system. Here is a corporation whose stock is worth double its par value, and which has issued to its own stockholders, by way of an extra dividend, an amount of mortgage bonds equal to the whole stock, enabled by the laxity of our laws to prolong for an indefinite period a litigation with a poor woman, without any reasonable expectation of success, but solely for the purpose of wearying and worrying her with a view, perhaps, to a final compromise. This simple fact is more eloquent than any words of ours can be. It pleads with irresistible logic for a radical change. The constitutional convention, if it does nothing else in the way of law reform, will be entitled to the lasting gratitude of the people if it abolishes our present system of appeals, and brings back to us the older and better system of review by writs of error. If there had been such a system in force for five years past, we venture to say that the calendar of the Court of Appeals would not now consist of more than two or at most three hundred causes.

### ANTIPODAL AQUATICS.

A MERICANS in China have shown their countrymen at home a better kind of international competition than sailing yachts across the Atlantic. To have sur passed Britannia in any kind of maritime exploit is, of course, highly satisfactory. It was very gratifying when Mr. Stevens, in the America, distanced the English yacht fleet and revolutionized yacht-models—still more so when Mr. Ericsson, with the *Monitor*, answered *Punch's* taunt that it behooved Jonathan, having shown John how to build a yacht, to instruct him in making a man-of-warand, from the estimate placed by English yachtmen them selves upon our last achievement, it apparently only remains for the *Henrietta* or the *Vesta* or the *Fleetwing*, or all of them, to outsail a fleet of European competitors in order that our cup of maritime exultation may over flow. But victorious yachting is, after all, a mechanical sort of triumph, creditable chiefly to ship-builders and sailing-masters, requiring a kind of pluck which the heavy-pursed alone can display, while, above all, the fact that only dwellers near the seaboard can engage in it prevents its ever becoming among us a national amuse ment even for those whose other circumstances permit.

The handful of Americans at Shanghai have worsted their English opponents in a contest which should win them infinitely more κυδος than attends the yacht race Pre-eminence in rowing has always been held to be an inalienable British glory, and when to their prescriptive prowess were added the considerations that the English oarsmen in Shanghai exceed the American by the rate of six to one and that the match was pulled in the English eight-oared shells with coxswains instead of our six-oar with bowsman steering, it was hardly surprising that the English residents filled the papers in advance with letters patronizingly eulogistic of the "hopeless pluck of the Their exultation may have been based upon the previous defeat of American by British men-of-war's boats, which we can readily conceive, since the achievments of a naval crew, the build of their boats, their oars, time, drill, speed, are all of an order calculated to excite the derision of a Harvard or Yale freshman. In the race, however, the Americans-who, by the way, were all from New York and Massachusetts, and among whom were two Harvard race-crew men-took the lead from the start, and at a pace which carried them over the mile and a half in eight minutes and a half soon left their by means of which they oppress the poor. A few rivals so far behind that the English captain relinquish-

ed the idea of pulling over the course. In the minor races on the same day, the American oarsmen won such laurels and so overturned popular preconceptions that, as we learn from the letter of a Yale boating man present on the occasion, the American population of Shanghai were nearly a week after "still chuckling" over the

What the fortuitous representation of Americans at Shanghai was able to accomplish as matched against an assemblage of our English cousins which afforded much larger field for selection, it is not unreasonable to hope our college clubs might do in an international university boat-race. The prestige of Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen is as well established as it is long-lived, while it is only within a very few years that Yale and Harvard have had any really first-rate rowing in which to glory. Moreover, the miserable multiplication of our colleges so reduces the number of men from whom a college crew can be picked that the English would have as great an advantage over the American boats as their countrymen in the antipodes had over ours. The odds would certainly be in favor of Oxford and Cambridge; but, on the one hand, by its victory in an international university race, Yale or Harvard would gain such glory as neither has opportunity to win at home, and, on the other, there could be no ignominy in defeat at the hands of such doughty antagonists. We write without special knowledge of the condition of next season's crews either at Yale or Harvard. The commodores, however, by this time probably know pretty well what material they have to work with for the fall races, and if, on comparing notes, each finds that he can do credit to his Alma Mater, they cannot do better than proceed to challenge the English university crews to two matches, to be pulled on either side of the water, during the next and the following summer vacations. It is unfortunate ht the commencements and class-meetings are held too late in the season to permit any steps being taken in them, but the navies are prosperous both at Yale and Harvard, and there can be little doubt that the alumni of the two colleges, at least the boating men among them, would willingly relieve the commodores of as much of the expense of the expedition as should be necessary. The challenge has long been talked about in a vague way, especially at the time of the Worcester regattas, for several years past; and there is no reason why it should not at last be made, since, we presume, the faculties would interpose no difficulties. Defeat is, of course, among the possibilities, but if Harvard is capable of such pulling a year's and Yale as that of the year before, it is not likely. At all events, they would have less discourage ments to face than those over which our countrymen in China passed triumphantly; and we hope our college oarsmen will "make a note on" the demonstration upon the other side of the world that American pluck and gallantry can be more creditably vindicated than by heavy betting, fast horses, or vachts from the best builders and sailed by the most skilful masters and crews that mo can procure. A French and English international regatta is being arranged to be held at Paris this summer and, although at the season when it is likely to take place undergraduates will be in the middle of their term, there is no reason why some of the crews which in past time have won laurels for their colleges should not reassemble and be sent as a much more sensible American deputation than was proposed by the admirers of the New York Seventh Regiment.

### THE IGNORANCE OF THE CLERGY.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S commendation of the American clergy as a very worthy and intelligent class of men, is well deserved in the main. But in one depart ment—the one of all others whereof a modern educated man should know something—they are, as a rule, most hamefully ignorant. We mean that of natural science -the intellectual glory of our time. And the igno of the clergy is clearly inexcusable when we consider that a single text-book in each leading branch of science, advisedly chosen and well conned, is enough for the radiments, and that the remarkable books which signalize the great steps in theory or discovery do not average one per year and are small in compass. For example, almost the only volumes of science noteworthy to the general reader, besides reports, illustrated works, and text-books, that have appeared in the last eight years are Darwin's Origin of Species, Lyell's Antiquity of Man, and Tyn-dall's Lectures on Heat. The first and last of these are duodecimos, the other a thin octavo with coarse print.

If the sacred profession ignored the existence of science or of its new developments, the case would be somewhat different. But who so loud as that profession in den ing science in general and its fresh utterances in particu-

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lar?—always referred to as its "late deplorable tone," its more surely degrade the clergy in the opinion of men, nineteenth century! In all things there should be a "recent alarming attitude." We question whether one and precipitate infidelity, than their own attitude towards system in order to mature them on a fair basis; and in a hundred of these declaimers have read the volumes above mentioned, yet the names of Darwin, Lyell, Agassiz, and a host besides are quite familiar to their lips. They derive their notions from a sketchy and prejudiced review article, or, more likely, from the jibes of their religious paper, edited by clerics as superficial as themselves. Ignotum pro horrifico.

We do not assume to be profound in the sciences, nor do we demand such profundity in religious teachers. We ask only that they possess themselves of a respectable amount of information on these subjects, as on other, derived so far as may be from original sources. Nor are we covertly the partisans of a mooted theory, like Darwin's, for instance. In fact, the man who eagerly that theory is in the same category with those who hastily condemn it. In the present state of knowledge we should suppose that a calm and candid suspension of opinion, even after thorough study, would be wise—much more without any study of the subject, or without so much as reading Darwin's book. What right has a man to pronounce judgment in the case who is so ignorant of that book as to accept the common impres sion that the Darwinian theory necessarily derives man from monkeys or apes? or has given so little thought to the theory as to deem it irreconcilable with natural theology and with any interpretation of the Bible that is not extremely literalistic? or has not duly appreciated the strong arguments offered by this theory in favor of the physical unity of the human race, as against the more "alarming" view of Agassiz? On the other hand what is there alarming in the doctrines of Agassiz so long as we find that Cain apparently married into a family independent of Adam's? And, if there was a pre-existing race, what heresy is there in the high antiquity of man, now supported by a great mass of evidence, which is summed up by the clerical editor of a religious journal as the "finding of an old bone here and there in unusual places." We throw out these questions to show that the great problems of science, now engaging the earnest labor of gifted men, who probably have no purpose to wage war against anybody's faith, are not to be disposed of summarily, least of all by those who know nothing whatever of the problems.

The relations of science to theology have not been re ferred to in this article as a reason why the clergy should be intelligent. It is too readily taken for granted that they have a duty to fulfil, if prepared for it, in learnedly combating scientific theories. To do this, they must first e scientific men, and that as a rule would be impossible. Their utmost duty is to glean industriously the results of science, for the cure of their own blind combativeness in this regard, as well as to reconcile natural and revealed truth to themselves and others as best they may. Reconciliation, not ignorant rencoun-ter, is their part in the great work of intellectual advancement. Nobly have some of them labored in that

It may be thought that we require too much of a poorly-paid and hard-worked profession by adding to its burdens this of learning the alphabet of physical knowl-edge and deciphering its mile stones. Some of the best derical libraries we have chanced to see are those of the poorly salaried, showing that the acquisition of books is not an impossibility, and it is indisputable that clergy-men do have time to read. Then, again, it is not the poor and obscure who are a half century behind their time. The two or three we have found who keep their eyes open are not those whose eyes stand out with pe-cualary fatness, one excepted. The most encyclopædic doctor of divinity we know of shows his ignorance of science in his writings on the subject. Another divine in favored position, betrayed to us his innocence of the first principles of geology. Still another—a man of wide cul-ture and unusual ability—laughed at the mention of the new theory of heat, until we told him that long ago it was suggested by Locke and Bacon, and then he at once began to treat it with respect,

But why should the clergy be singled out for animad-ersion while the mass of professional men have just as little knowledge ultra crepidam and their newspaper? The lawyer at least is indifferent, and the teacher, lec-turer, and physician are compelled to know something; the lay editor and author may be either indifferent or intelligent. In this matter, the cloth alone assume to speak of that whereof they know nothing. If our purpose were only to promote respect for the sacred profession and to conserve the interests of faith—and that we claim to be our prime motive—we could not better carry it out than by attempting the exposure and the reform now in hand; new shape. Shades of Blackstone and Coke, Littleton for, in this day of all-irradiating science, nothing can and Eldon, arise in judgment on the law-makers of the never forgive anybody for being amusing, disliked him

the physical sciences

There is no space here to search for the causes of the ignorance complained of. Doubtless one of the roots is to be found in the fossilized and fossilizing colleges and theological seminaries. For the rest, let it be left as un-accountable why mental fossils should be so blindly prejudiced against their representation in the mineral world. And we dismiss the topic with the recommendation to the brethren to interest themselves a little in God's works, read Kirby and Spence on bugs, Dana on geology, etc., and take some journal or annual of science.

### LAW-MAKERS AND LAW-BREAKERS.

EPICURUS once remarked, in order to exemplify the weakness of human nature according to Plutarch, that even the worst laws were so necessary for us that without them men would devour one another. Putting the point of cannibalism aside, and thus obviating a trip to the Fiji Islands for example, it cannot be denied that the dictum of the Epicurean philosopher is based on a funda-mental truth which is fairly exhibited in every-day life. Men are prone to error even as the sparks fly upwards, we are told on biblical authority; and it would be far from our purpose to dispute the axiom. As error is, therefore, inherent in us, it has been the object of civilization to combat its progress and counteract its effects by every means in its power; hence the origin of law itself, and the task of law-makers from the days of Moses down to the present time. There is little doubt that in Mr. Caxton's great work on the History of Human Error, as sketched by Bulwer, the progress of the blind goddess with the sinister and dexter scale would have occupied the major portion of the treatise, for, great as evil is, more imposing still is the power which controls it. The state of society without law, of which we have one or two prominent instances in the history of the last century—an allusion to the French revolution will be suffi-cient—becomes so frightfully demoralized as to sink mankind to the level of the brute creature; and thus even the most inferior specimens of law-making that we possess are necessary to operate against the thousands of law-breakers there are in the world. Epicurus certainly was not one of the Stoics in his philosophy, but this maxim of his which we have quoted might well have been numbered among the principles and tenets of Zeno's disciples, for it is pregnant and practical, and as pointed in the present day as it was, perhaps, when first uttered so many hundred years ago.

Granting, however, that laws are necessary to human progress, the philosophical enquirer is still as much at fault as ever, for he becomes as it were, like Hamlet, plunged into a sea of troubles which no opposition will limit, the moment he begins his search into the mysteries of jurisprudence. The name of laws is legion, and be-tween good laws and bad laws, and what may be termed legal laws and moral laws, there are as wide differences and as great discrepancies as exist among the several offenders and offences against the same. A law may be a good law and a necessary law, and yet be a bad law speaking according to law; while a bad and unjust law, merely regarded as a piece of law-making, becomes good when weighed in the same forensic balance. This seems when weighed in the same forensic balance. This seems paradoxical, but it is a fact which can be easily proved by examining the legal code of any country. Law itself is good and necessary, but law-making has by no means advanced to the dignity of a science, and is consequently at the mercy of the merest tyro who, puffed up by the pride of transient authority, desires to dabble his fingers in Themis's pie, and finishes with leading blind Justice into the gutter. No wonder that there are so many breakers of the law when the law itself invites destruction. It is of the law when the law itself invites destruction. It is of the law when the law itself invites destruction. It is so patchworked with precedents and hampered by technicalities that the rogue gets off scot free while the honest man often stumbles into a pitfall. There are thousands of acts and statutes at present existing in the laws of England and of America—the latter of which is founded on the former, and partakes of its errors—which might just as well be swept away. They are of no earthly utility, and they are known at their just worth by the men who make a study of jurisprudence: while, as they are unmake a study of jurisprudence; while, as they are unknown to the general throng, to them their existence is a thing of naught. Simplicity, one would think, should be the acme of justice, and yet it is the exception and not the rule. Law, as it is at present understood, is like Sanskrit or hieroglyphics; it requires a lifetime to acquire the art of setting about how to acquire it. Like Bottom, in The Midsummer Night's Dream, it is so trans-

system in order to mature them on a fair basis; and why should there not be one in this? Let us have a school of law-makers, by all means; and likewise a schoo of offenders. Let each graduate in some especial point of legal intricacy, as each does in crime; and if we mete out a heavier punishment to the bigamist or robber than to those guilty of lesser felonies, let the most ingenious decision of the bench be honored with some special recognition from the executive or from the people. The American bar and the American bench are not by any means what we would wish them to be. It makes a mockery of law when we read of some verdict being given which an-nuls every idea of justice and morality. We do not men-tion any particular instances, but the readers of the daily papers will find ample food for comment in the decisions given each day in the sittings of the various courts. By some technical farce or other, they will see that criminals are continually escaping the just consequences of their acts. Some plea is allowed weight which should never for a moment be tolerated, and influences admitted which contravene directly the idea of impartiality, which ought at least, to be kept up. It seems never to be reflected that those decisions of the venerable benchers of New York are so many specimens of law-making; for, acting as precedents, they disarm the laws themselves of their very force. Richard Sheridan once observed with reference to the laws of England that he could drive a coach and horses through any act of Parliament, but we much won-der whether a whole train of cars might not be propelled through a statute of Congress. The judges seem to go each man on his own opinion, without any reference to law or the commentaries thereon, and the library of Themis gradually expands with folios of rubbishy precedents. Law-breaking thus grows a driving and unprofitable, as it is useless, trade; and law-breakers combine in these evil doings. There are so many cities of refuge provided within the statutes of the justice book, so many loopholes for chicanery and fraud to sneak through and escape, that no man need trouble himself at committing any offence in the decalogue or calendar short of murder, and even that often becomes justified under the appellation homicide. Law-making and law-breaking go hand in hand together. It is a pitiful thing for any one who takes an interest in the "proper study of mankind" to read of the number of criminals there are in this land of ours. But as long as false law exists and reason deliberately spreads a veil of flimsy dust across the eyes of truth, such will be the case. Instead of trying to better our legal code by revising it and restoring it back to its original simplicity, the law-makers of the period interpret Epicurus wrongly, and seem to think that the worst laws only are necessary in this age of falsehood and crime.

### THE LATE MR. WILLIS.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS died on Sunday N evening, January 20, at Idlewild, his country home on the Hudson, having completed on that day his sixtieth year. Mr. Willis was born at Portland, Maine, January 20, 1807, and his remains now lie at Mount Auburn, near Boston, whither they were conveyed on the conclusion of the burial service which took place at St. Paul's Church, Tremont street, in that city. The deceased had for years been ailing—afflicted as he was by maladies of a chronic character which were so severe at intervals as to lead many to wonder that he struggled against them so long—yet these very successful battles, frequently fought as they were, caused the news of his death to be received with something of surprise. It is a melancholy pleasure to know that his death was painless and that his mortal part was borne to the grave by appreciative, congenial, and sympathetic friends. The pall-bearers congenial, and sympacies friends. The particles were H. W. Longfellow, S. G. Howe, Edmund Quincy, O. W. Holmes, J. R. Lowell, J. T. Fields, E. P. Whipple, Merritt Trimble, and T. B. Aldrich. The funeral was largely attended and during the services the bookstores of Boston were closed.

We are informed that Mr. Willis's career and literary performances will shortly be comprehensively narrated in the pages of a biography; and we only propose in in the pages of a biography; and we only propose in this place to attempt an account which will necessarily be merely fragmentary and synoptical. The names of Mr. Willis's books and the main features of their style and merits are well known to all who read; and although it had grown to be a fashion of late to disparage his powers by pronouncing their product to be petty, finical, and affected, the author of Pencillings by the Way and Letters from under a Bridge had a hold upon public affection and esteem which [disparagement could not shake. The worthy persons in this community who can payer forgive anybody for being amusing, disliked him because he was seldom didactic and never political, because he recognized the use and need of the graces of life, and because he did not think it the chief duty of his career to make a dull newspaper. The extraordinary habit, which we have animadverted upon before and which prevails so extensively among us, of considering everything which is stupid in literature respectable and vice versa, no doubt told against Mr. Willis as it has against others. He was certainly never either a very strong or a very profound writer; but he was what is here much more rare, at once a humorous and a tasteful one. He was intrinsically and extrinsically a gentleman; and the circumstance, coupled no doubt with some little peculiarities of manner, person, and dress, procured for him at times unmerited ill-will. There were many who affected to contemn Willis who were utterly unworthy to sit with him at the same table; and a certain sus picion of aristocratic tastes and leanings always impaired his popularity with the masses. His extensive travel his wide reading, his social advantages, and his remark able fertility of expression admirably fitted Mr. Willia for the profession in which most of his life was passed He was a journalist; not a writer of political leaders and not a critical reviewer; but a journalist of the Parislan stamp, light, polished, and flexible, with a style delicate as a duelling rapier and often as subtle and

Mr. Willis was connected with The Corsair, The Mir ror, and finally with The Home Journal, which he estab lished in conjunction with General Morris in 1846, and of which up to the day of his death he was the prop and main stay. Without ever being very forcible or very influential, The Home Journal was always so graceful, so Without ever being very forcible or very gentlemanly, and so lively-the very reflex of its editor that it was for years a welcome sheet to educated people of delicate literary appetites, and a favored guest in refined families. The paper was liked for certain nega tive qualities, no doubt, as well as for positive ones liked for its avoidance of politics and its careful shunning of all "strong" subjects. The absence of anything like rivalry in its peculiar field was of service, but the strongest attraction lay beyond question in Mr. Willis's own personal qualities and the fascination, for those who liked it, of his peculiar style. To such readers even the extravagant liberties he sometimes permitted himself to take with the language had a charm, and were more eagerly sought by them than the irreproachable conventionality of all his staff beside.

It is stated that the publication of The Home Journal is still to continue; although, if the unfortunate want of taste discernable in its article announcing the death of Mr. Willis, as well as in the paragraph which followed, is to be hereafter exhibited, its future is unlikely to be a brilliant one. Surely a little more grace and tact might have been shown on so very solemn and momentous an occasion. A respectful pause—space enough for the departed to be quietly laid in his grave—might decorously have intervened before speaking of Idlewild as "Willisesque," or announcing that "increased capital" was to make up for the paper's irreparable loss in the death of its founder and editor. This is said in no unkindly spirit, since we certainly wish The Home Journal well and all connected with it; but the occasion justifies the reproof.

But few who saw Willis in his later days, when the once erect and graceful frame was bowed by bodily in firmity and premature decay, when the eye was dimmed and the bright and cheerful smile subdued by care and suffering, could picture to themselves the distinguished and elegant appearance of the gifted poet, when—after a career in Europe which in literary as well as fashionable life was one series of brilliant successes—he returned to his native country with his very beautiful and accomplished wife, with whom his happiest days were passed and to whose sweet influence we are indebted for some of his finest productions. Without being strikingly handsome, there was something about the Willis of thirty years ago which was remarkably attractive, and his hab itual cheerfulness, his lively fancy, and polished wit-which never bordered on cynicism or ill-nature—made him universal favorite in society. By the outer world his character was never thoroughly appreciated, his gentle-ness, benevolence, and unselfish endeavors to help all those who seemed to need his aid or sympathy, his devotion to his friends, and, above all, his tenacity in serving and upholding them at all risks of personal disadvantage or pecuniary inconvenience, could only be known to those who were happy enough to enjoy his intimate acquaint

Quick to discern the earliest dawn of merit in young writers, he was ever ready to afford them encouragement and assistance, and there are many who are indebted to Willis for that first start in life which has enabled them

to attain subsequently both fortune and position. Literary jealousy was a feeling utterly unknown to him, and even when unjustly assailed he never descended to retaliation. His tastes were refined and his habits not extravagant, but he disliked to bargain and chaffer about pecuniary matters, and was frequently imposed upon by the more worldly wise.

Mr. Willis obtained his early education at the Latin School, Boston, and at Phillips Academy, Andover. was afterwards sent to Yale College, New Haven, and graduated there in 1827. Here he is said to have published his first poems, which were styled Scripture Sketches and printed under the nom de plume of "Roy." leaving Yale he wrote for various periodicals, and in 1828 established the American Monthly Magazine. About the year 1830 he became connected with the New York Mirror, a weekly literary journal which had been founded by Mr. G. P. Morris in 1828. Mr. Willis went abroad almost directly after, and during an absence of even years continued to contribute to the Mirror, the sketches called Pencillings by the Way first appearing in its columns. While in Europe he was for a time an attaché of the Parisian American legation, to which post he was assigned by Mr. Rives. The series called *Inklings* of Adventure also appeared at this time in the London New Monthly Magazine. At about this period, too, he fought his celebrated but bloodless duel with Captain Marryatt. Mr. Willis returned to America in 1837, bringing with him his first wife, a lovely English girl, daughter of an officer of rank who had been superinten dent of the Arsenal at Woolwich. With this estimable lady he lived happily for some years, much of the time being passed at the beautiful spot he called, in compliment to her, "Glenmary," which was situated on the Susquehanna, near Owego. Mr. Willis became in 1839 one of the editors of a literary venture called the Corsair, and in the same year he published in England his Letters from under a Bridge. Soon after appeared his two plays, Bianca Visconti and Tortesa the Usurer, and a volume called Loiterings of Travel. In 1840 there was published a very beautiful illustrated edition of his poems, and at about the same time he contributed the letter-press to Bartlett's Views of the Scenery of the United States and Canada. In 1844, having returned to America, he, with his previous ociate, Mr. Morris, established The Evening Mirror, a daily newspaper, in this city. But in 1845, having lost his dearly-cherished wife and being in delicate health, he once more returned to Europe, when he brought out his Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil. He came back to New York in 1846, and in that year was married to Miss Grinnell, the lady who is now his widow. Soon after an octavo edition of his works was published and, again in conjunction with his old partner, Mr. Morris, Mr. Willis established The Home Journal.

In looking through the poems of the deceased we have sought for something that might appropriately accompany these remarks, both as illustrating the dead poet's manner and as rounding our inadequate tribute to his memory. We know not but that a better selection could be made than that of the simple verses which follow; they are however so perfect of their kind, so characteristic and so suited to the mournful occasion, that we believe most readers will think otherwise:

### SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet grey;
For it stirs the blood of an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for four-score years, And they say that I am old— That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death, And my years are well-nigh told. It is very true—it is very true— I am old, and I "bide my time;" But my heart will leap at a scene like this, And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there, In the midst of your merry ring: I can feel the thrill of the daring jump, And the rush of the breathless swing. I hide with you in the fragrant hay, And I whoop the smothered call, And my feet slip up on the seedy floor, And I care not for the fail.

I am willing to die when my time shall come.
And I shall be glad to go—
For the world, at beat, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low [
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my breast from its dreariness

### CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of The Round Table, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

### LONDON.

LONDON, January 5, 1867,

WE have not had so gloomy a winter in this country for many a year. The thermometer in London has for several nights past registered only four or five degrees above zero. Our streets are impassable with snow; the traffic on the Thames is impeded with large floating masses of ice; thick fogs continue all day, and water traffic is nearly at an end. The price of coal has risen fifty per cent., that of meat twenty-five per cent. in the week. Meanwhile, bands of starving men wander about, chiefly in the suburbs, shouting out their cries for help in a dismal, monotonous key. We have the usual crop of cases of deaths from starvation, insufficient clothing, and neglect which arises at such times; and the newspapers are full of appeals, chiefly from clergysecretaries of benevolent institutions, for aid for individual cases and for classes which come within their observation. "When A. sees B. struggling in dia-tress," said Sydney Smith, "it is not in human nature not to ask C. to relieve him." We shall never get any statistics of the amount of money devoted to this irregu lar benevolence. Clergymen render no accounts, holding themselves responsible only to their own consciences. Our magistrates are believed to receive an enormous amount for their poor-boxes; and they, too, dispense with auditorship. I once, being engaged on a work on the subject of charity, applied to the magistrates of London for information on this point and was met with a polite refusal to furnish any; and I believe our Home Secretary is as ignorant on the subject as everybody else

except the magistrates themselves. As to our benevolent institutions, which Lamartine in one of his gushing moods elaborately eulogized as the just pride and glory of England, they publish their accounts with more or less clearness, and honestly confess that about one-half of the entire amount collected goes in maintaining the mere machinery of collection. Every subscriber, in fact, has the satisfaction of knowing that his sovereign before it reaches the object of his bounty will have dwindled down to ten shillings sterling. Altogether, these institutions, including the revenues corporate bodies devoted to benevolence, have annually about two millions sterling to distribute. Every conceivable form of distress has been subsidized; and scheming secretaries anxious, for reasons easily under stood, to get up new benevolent institutions, are driven to plagiarize (for we have no copyright here for matters of this kind) from the ideas of their competitors; and so we see constantly two or three societies with precisely the same objects, or at least with objects so similar that they might easily combine for united action, all maintaining a separate and costly machinery. Even those who may be umed to be the most thoughtful of the great army of givers are not exempt from this reproach. We have a Royal Literary Fund Society, a guild of literature and art, and moreover a Royal Society of Literature, though the latter, which used to contribute a considerable sum annually to the relief of distressed authors, has now, I believe, nothing to give. As to the Literary Fund Society, they, too, spend half their income in the society itself, and used frankly to confess the fact until lately, when an ingenious secretary showed how to present the accounts in a less simple form. Fortunately for the class they relieve, ink never freezes in these latitudes; and printing-presses will work in any temperature. Authors are never "frozen out;" and, indeed, the trouble of the great noblemen and gentlemen who manage this society is to find distressed authors wanting relief. There used to be great scandals about this celebrated society which has flourished so many years on the credit of having relieved Chateaubriand when a starving emigré. how or other a gentleman who had just come out of the house of correction (this is literally true), and in another case a "distressed author" whom nobody could discover ever to have written or published a single page of literary production, were found by a prying member of council (for this society prides itself on doing good by stealth and in strict privacy) to have been comforted with grants from the society's funds. After that it was made imperative that no one should be relieved who did not bring a certificate "signed by two respectable housekeepers" as evidence that he was really a man of genius and learning in distress—a fact not altogether insignificant to the student of our institutions. The "respectable house

keeper constitu and me which o thegre test, ho It was Mr. Jol literati Lytton distres and en apprec help t A little people would a gene hundr We

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keeper" is, in fact, the very foundation of our glorious constitution, which reserves for him under our "brick and mortar franchise" all those rights of citizenship which can be permitted without injury to the interests of the great landed proprietors. The respectable housekeeper test, however, did not work well in the Literary Fund case It was one of the things which induced Mr. Dickens and Mr. John Forster and many more to establish the guild of literature and art; whose four beautiful houses on Lord Lytion's estate are now going to decay for want of four distressed authors to occupy them. Seriously, our charity system wants looking into. Its wastefulness is flagran and enormous, and the amount of good it effects scarcely appreciable. Witness the cry that is raised for irregular help the moment that there comes a season of distress. A little real power to help themselves bestowed upon the people by a more direct representation in Parliament would strike at the roots of the evil and do more good in a generation than all the gifts of benevolence in five indred yours.

We have had recently reprinted here Thackeray's Paris Sketch Book, of which no new edition was ever published, I believe, by its author, or at least no edition since the second, published about 1841. Thackeray's reason probably was that he was not particularly proud of the book. But it is interesting to all who take an interest in the author's career. It consists of sketches of life in Paris at the period when Thackeray was an art student in Paris and as yet had no thought of getting his living by his pea. I have never seen its origin alluded to in print, but I have a very distinct recollection of hearing Mr. Thack I have never seen its origin alluded to in print, but eray himself say that its contents were originally published in an American journal. The name of the journal I have entirely forgotten; but as the letters were, I think, written from Paris by Thackeray at the request of his friend Mr. N. P. Willis, I presume Mr. Willis was the editor, so that your readers, who must be better informed than I am in the history of American periodical literature, can probably supply this defect. They must have ap-peared somewhere about 1839. That was the time at which Thackeray was located in Paris, doing nothing with his pen just then, I believe, but writing these occasional letters and contributing Paris correspondence to the newspaper which his step-father Major Carmichael Smyth had started in London with such disastrous consequences both to his own and his illustrious stepson's fortune. That was just after the young artist had modestly offer-dto illustrate the *Pickwick Papers*, and been declined by Mr. Dickens, little dreaming, we may be sure, that his young artist visitor would one time be his own rival in renown in the field of fiction. That, too, was the time of Thackeray's great affliction; the insanity of his unfortunate wife having first shown itself by her actually jumping overboard from a steamboat, I think in Dover harbor, where she was embarking with her husband on their return to Paris, where they resided for some time. was rescued from the water with considerable difficulty, and it is not surprising that Thackeray never forgot The Paris Sketch Book is a poor production for the author of Vanity Fair, but it cannot be without interest to his admirers to read a book which is in some respects a record of his views of life at that period.

Just three years this Christmas have elapsed since Thackeray's death. He came comparatively late into authorship, or, at least, into fame; and yet his career will seem to fill a large space in the literary history of this century. Mr. Dickens, however, who preceded him so long, has in all probability a long term of popularity still before him. It is just thirty years since his Sketchset of English Life and Character appeared in The Morning Chronicle newspaper. He is now within a few weeks of fifty-five years of age; but he has certainly not lived to see any decline in his fame, nor is he a whit less inclined for those long walks which astonish his friends so much. From Tavistock Square to Gadshill - a good twenty-eight miles—is no uncommon pedestrian journey for him before dinner. Dickens lives at his home at Gadshill, accurately described under another name in the introduction to one of his Christmas numbers, nearly all the year round (no pun intended). Here last week— the day after Christmas day—he gave an entertainment of rustic games to a great number of young people living in the country around, Earl Darnley, from the neighboring Cobham Park, and a number of literary and artistic friends being there to witness them. Fortunately, although the weather has since become so severe, this "boxing day" was remarkably fine; the glass steed at 56° in the shade, the sun shone brightly, and the visitors enjoyed in the grounds quite a spring day. Dickens who is hard at work at a new novel, never seemed in better health or spirits. I hope all this will sus-

shocked to see him, his daughters, and visitors sometimes quietly playing for health and recreation at croquet on his lawn on Sunday afternoons, may forgive an honest difference of opinion on these points and learn to look upon such scenes with a more tolerant feeling.

We are to have a new theatre in London if ground landlords and lord chamberlains can be settled with. The great hall in Long Acre, known to most visitors to London, has been conditionally purchased by Mr. Lawson, principal proprietor of the Daily Telegraph, for £16,000, with the intention of altering and converting it into a theatre, where Mr. Toole, the best of our comic ac tors, who has never, by the way, been on your side of the water, is to be the principal comedian. Toole has long been the leading favorite at the Adelphi Theatre, under the old-fashioned, conservative management of Mr. Benjamin Webster, who has just forestalled Mr. Henderson, the proprietor of a Liverpool theatre, from becoming a London manager by taking the Olympic theatre, where dingy scenery and stale French melodramas will, I presume, henceforth flourish. Webster (though of course only in the interest of the public) is one of the stoutest of the defenders of those restrictions on dramatic enterprise which Mr. Lawson will possibly find fatal to his Long Acre scheme.

Two of our monthly magazines this month take this subject: The Cornhill, in an article by Mr. John Oxenford, in favor of free trade. Fraser, in an article by Mr. Bodham Donne, who, being the lord chamberlain's working representative and the licenser of plays, not un naturally takes the otherside. Here is one of those cases in which the anonymous in article writing is against the public interest; but this is the fault of the editor of Fraser, and I am not pleading against anonymous journalism. If Mr. Bodham Donne signed his article, the public would at once be cautioned by knowing that the views of the extreme free traders in theatres and dramatic literature imperil the income of this functionary, which is supposed to amount to some  $\pounds 2,000$  a year. Poor Bodham Donne, who was so cruelly badgered and flurried on these points by a recent parliamentary committee of enquiry, may be pardoned if he cannot exactly see that freedom of speech on the stage is pretty nearly the same thing as freedom of speech in a book or a newspaper, and that the glorious right of unlicensed printing might very well be extended to unlicensed dramatic utterances. But what are we to say of the eminent English writers, dramatic and otherwise, who went before that committee and apologized for a system of intellectual servitude which custom alone could make tolerable. As to our theatre licenses, it is no-torious that they are withheld so capriciously that there is no property in London which pays such enormous rents in proportion to the capital invested in them as our theatres. Our great music halls, which as a rule are not very creditable to the taste or intelligence of audiences, are the direct creation of these absurd restrictions. These places of entertainment are only anxious to give their audiences something better than the comic songs and vulgar dances with which they now fill their programmes; but the lord chamberlain stops the way, and sternly forbids them to perform "a stage play." The Alhambra, the most extensive of these halls, is said to represent a capital of £100,000. Its audiences, after a certain hour at least, comprise a large proportion of well-dressed prostitutes, and it is not exactly the place where paterfamilias likes to take his daughters; but it is in many respects a remarkable sample of our entertainments. It has a band of sixty performers under first-rate leadership. (Our opera band has only eighty.) It employs upwards of 400 persons of both sexes, including 150 ballet-dancers, 25 singers, 70 carpenters and stage servants, and 100 house servants, constables and others. It pays in wages £450 to £550 a week; and receives 4,000 visitors every night. The whole expenses of the place are about £900 per week, and it is said that of the average shilling paid for admission by each person tenpence half-penny represents the actual cost price of the entertainment. If that entertainment is not more refined and intellectual it is the fault of our legislature alone. At all events, the Al-hambra, which is worked by a "limited" company, pro-fesses its anxiety to be permitted to do better things; and the very efficient character of its band, which is notoriously far above that of any theatre in London except the opera, is some evidence of its sincerity. They complain that our laws affecting theatres fine the Alhambra about £3,000 a year, by compelling the managers to give costly and ineffective choruses instead of light comic operas in a dramatic form.

Mrs. Riddell, the author of George Geith and The Race for Wealth, is writing a new novel under an engagement with Messrs. Tinsley. I see THE ROUND TABLE objects to tain our great novelist's popularity among his neighbors, and that those honest country folk who are so without good reason; but there are merits in her novels ordinary arrangements between publishers and authors;

which have made them popular here in spite of all de fects. Her novel of George Geith, which made her reputation, brought so much money to her publisher that he made her a present, over and above purchase money, of a new carriage. The story she is now writing will not be published in any serial, which is contrary to cus-tom. Tinsley, who is as good a judge of a novel—if not from a high art point of view, at least from that of the average taste of the public—as any publisher in London, thinks Mrs. Riddell's faults are due in great measure to the habit of writing her story piecemeal for a weekly periodical, and has offered her a liberal sum to write the one she is now engaged on, no part of which is to appear till the whole is completed in three volumes. A good article might be written on the effect on the art of fiction-writing in recent times of the almost universal custom of publishing first in a periodical. I commend the subject to some of the essay writers of The Round Table. Of course the motive for the present custom is the high prices which authors obtain by this double publication, for it is a curious fact, on which I have already remarked, that a publisher will give as much, sometimes even more, for a novel which has already appeared in a magazine than for one still in manuscript. The fact is that the risk is less. A pretty accurate opinion is generally afloat of the merits of a story in a magazine before it is completed; and this assurance generally more than compensates the publisher for the fact that the work has already had numerous readers in its serial form.

London, January 12, 1867. MR. JAMES SPEDDING, the learned editor of Bacon, has just published a little book about publishers and book-sellers which will not fail to make some noise in our lit-erary journals. Your readers no doubt remember a paragraph in the papers about his letter to Messrs. Hurd & Houghton on their remitting him a small royalty upon the sale of the American edition of his work, and Mr. Spedding's declaration that he had never received anything for it here. In fact, Mr. Spedding says that his pamphlet, which is an indictment generally of English publishers apropos of their dealings with authors, arose out of his dissatisfaction with the publishers of his edition of Bacon's works-Messrs. Longman & Co. As to the facts of this affair, Spedding does not seem to have much reason on his side. He says that, in conjunction with the late Mr. Ellis, he projected this edition of Bacon about twenty years ago; that the work was to be arranged in separate divisions—each division having a distinct editor.

Mr. Spedding's reason for this, as he says, was his belief of the inexpediency of "issuing voluminous and expensive works under such conditions that the public must either buy all or load their shelves with odd volumes and incomplete sets." That writers or editors, he adds, "would find any difficulty in managing their volumes, title-pages, letterings, and advertisements, so as to admit of this arrangement, I cannot believe." Messrs. Longman, however, seem to have taken a different view, and to have preferred to adhere to the custom of their trade. Accordingly they published Vol. I. not as the first volume of the Philosophical Works, but as Vol. I. of the works generally. Among minor grievances, Mr. Spedding complains that they issued the work in huge volumes which he thinks a nuisance to the reader, and that they stitched in with the volumes at the end advertisements of other publications of an incongruous character, which are an eye-sore to himself and, as he believes, a detraction from their value in the eyes of purchasers. Now, most people will, I suppose, see that, unless there was a stipulation expressed or implied to the contrary, Mr. Spedding's publishers had the right to publish the work in the form which they thought best for the market, and if there was no such stipulation, there is an end of his complaints. It is not quite clear, however, whether Mr. Spedding puts forth the facts as an allegation of injustice, or only to illustrate his own view that the practices he alludes to are not beneficial either to publisher or author. This is very well; but it is but the opinion on a trading matter of Mr. Spedding, who is not a trader, against that of Messrs. Longman and all Paternoster Row, who are. If the public preferred to buy their Bacon's works in instalments complete in themselves; if they preferred thin volumes to thick; and if they were as sensitive about advertisements of other books in them as Mr. Spedding thinks, is it not fair to assume that the commercial instincts of some publisher would make him alive to facts so important to the sale of the work?

There is, however, evidently something more in the matter than Mr. Spedding chooses to tell us, or, at least, to tell us directly. This is really all that he says about his quarrel with his publishers; but the greater part of

burgh or Quarterly devoted to the puffing of some work to be published by its proprietors, long before it is out. Can any more evidence be required of the intimate rela tions existing between publisher and review?

editor of which, for reasons too long to be entered into here, is not a fair judge of anything Mr. Spedding may write), the writer has done good service by speaking out upon matters which somehow or other our literary jour nals will never Miscuss. First and foremost, Mr. Spedding complains of what is generally known as the "half profit" system. This is common enough here, but I do not remember any author continuing it after getting full experience of its working. The system is for the publisher to pay the whole expenses of producing the b and, having deducted these, to divide the profits with the author. This seems fair enough, all things considered but I never heard of an author getting a shilling under such an arrangement. Mr. Smiles published his first work through Mr. Murray on this plan; and, as he likes to retain his copyrights, he continues the division of profit system, but takes now, under arrangement, twothirds profit, which, I suppose, he finds a better thing. Mr. Spedding says he knows "a book of 488 pages, a full page containing about 300 words, of which, after 2,500 copies had been sold at 4s. 6d. each, the editor was informed that it was still £120 in debt, though the only expenses which had been incurred were for printing. paper, binding, and advertising." These 2,500 copies probably did not cost the publisher 1s. 6d. each. If the editor of The Athenaum wants confirmation he need only look through a file of his own paper, where he will complaints of the kind, which he was willing enough to insert and even to support when they did not happen to come from a rival biographer of Bacon.

and in this, with all deference to The Athenaum (the

It is all very well to tell the unfortunate author that it is his own fault; he makes the bargain and must not complain, volenti non fit injuria and so forth : but there is undoubtedly a want of enlightenment upon this sub ject not only among young authors, but even among some writers of established reputation. All that Mr. Spedding tells of the unwillingness and positive refusal of publishers to show their books; of the endless deduc tions made by them on sales and which none who are not initiated into the mysteries of the trade can comprehend; and of the practice of charging for paper, for printing and binding, and numerous other things considerably more than they really cost, under various pretences of commission, trade profit, and so forth, is perfectly true. It is equally true that these deductions which leave nothing for the author, are not openly stated in accounts rendered; but are made in secret, the publishers regarding themselves, I suppose, as justified in so doing by the custom of the trade. I would recommend doing by the custom of the trade. I would recommend any unfortunate victim of the "half-profit" system here, who knows his book to have had a good sale, to file a bill against his publishers. I care not how high they stand; I will undertake to say that interrogatories "skilfully drawn would bring out facts which would surprise the public," and perhaps cure even the editor of The Athenæum of his sudden attack of scepticism; but, unfortunately, the Court of Chancery is an expensive remedy, and authors who have been publishing on the half-profit system may be pretty confidently assumed to be poor men. Mr. Spedding's remarks apply also to the publication in behalf of an author on commission, a system which he shows to be surrounded, though in less degree, with objectionable customs; and he proposes as a better kind of arrangement that the author should receive a royalty, to be agreed on, upon copies sold, with the provision that such royalty should always be calculated on the retail

There is only one other point in Mr. Spedding's book that requires notice, because our Athenaum affects much surprise upon the subject. Mr. Spedding (who is evidently more a man of letters than a political economist) fancies that publishers can be dispensed with altogether, and in the course of some not very wise remarks on this point he observes that no etiquette forbids an author forcing a book upon the notice of critics by presenting them with a copy. He adds: "If a publisher can do more it is only because being, probably, proprietor of one or more of the critical journals he can corrupt or intimidate the judges and procure a favorable notice to order." are pretty sure, says The Athenaum, "there is no foundation in fact for this statement;" and it innocently enquires. "Which are the critical journals either belong ing to publishers or which publishers are supposed to influ-Why, are not Mr. Spedding's own publishers Messrs. Longman & Co.—the proprietors of The Edinburgh Review, and is not Mr. John Murray proprietor of The Quarterly? Your contemporary should go over the volumes of these still powerful critical organs and determine for himself what number of books published by Longman and Murray are favorably reviewed therein, as compared with the publications of other houses. It is the com est thing in the world to see a long article in The Edin-

Mr. Lever's last novel. Sir Brook Fossbrooke, has given rise to some talk in literary circles here about the freedom with which it introduces real persons, of course under fictitious names. Its principal character, the old Irish judge who will take no hint to resign on account of age and infirmities, but will continue to take notes and sum up at the age of ninety-odd, is recognized at once as Lord Chief-Justice Lefroy, of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland. This system of sketching real persons has, however, always been common enough. Everybody re members Mr. Disraeli's portrait of John Wilson Croker under the name of Rigby; and some may remember Lady Lytton's malicious sketch of her husband in Chevelcy; or, The Man of Honor. Mr. Thackeray indulged in portraits of this kind, as everybody knows; Dr. Firmin in his Philip (bating, I hope, some harsh features) was evidently the late Dr. Liston. As to Mr. Dickens he has confessed the practice. He has publicly apole gized for investing Harold Skimpole, in Bleak House the peculiarities of the late Mr. Leigh Hunt, though protesting that he never had the least thought of attributing to his friend those baser qualities which are so unfortunately conspicuous in Skimpole. This was an unlucky affair. I verily believe that Mr. Dickens had no intention of insulting the memory of that kindly and delightful genius whose writings most men can enjoy But the habit of sketching friends is a dangerous one There is Boythom, the loud, blusterous, headstrong Boy thom, of the same novel, whom everybody took for the late Savage Landor. It was a safer thing to take the notorious murderess, Mrs. Manning, the Frenchwoman, and make her a character, as he does also in Bleak House for if you sketch living folks it is indispensable to make them amiable, like the Cherryble Brothers in Nicholas Nickleby. These gentlemen, the Grants of Ramsbottom in Lancashire, have recently had a monument erected to their memory as the recognized originals of those worthies—indeed, the fact was mentioned in the sermor preached after the inauguration. Apropos of this, it is just worth mentioning that the feelings of the young lady of the refreshment counter at Rugby Junction are much hurt at that unfavorable account of her which our great novelist has put forth this Christmas under the thin disguise of the young person at "Mugby Junction."
As there is no Mugby Junction, and everybody, on the contrary, knows Rugby Junction and its refreshment room, how is it possible for the public to mistake who is meant? I see a "Reply," purporting to be by the young lady of "Mugby," is advertised; but this must be written by some quixotic defender. At all events, the Rugby young lady knows nothing about it.

Mr. Charles Reade has put forth a sort of explanation on the subject of his Griffith Gaunt and its alleged plagiarisms; at least so I hear, for I have been unable to get any copy of his letter. If he had wanted the facts nown, I should have thought he would have published them in The Times or in some literary journal of standing, but he has chosen to proclaim the truth in an evening paper called The Sun, which once had a circulation, but is now so utterly broken down that to find a copy would require a great deal more enterprise and time than I have at my disposal on post-day. I understand, how ever, that Mr. Reade confesses that he is indebted for the plot of Griffith Gaunt to a French criminal trial—the Pivardière case; and that Mr. Wilkie Collins and the writer of The Frenchman with Two Wives were simply debtors in the same quarter. This is very well, though the explanation is tardy; but how does Mr. Reade account for the verbal resemblances between his novel and Mr. Wilkie Collins's story? This, it must be remembered, is not the first time that unacknowledged appropriations by Mr. Reade have been pointed out in double columns

Our journals will have supplied you with some inter esting sketches of the late Alexander Smith, the poet, who died the other day at the age of thirty-seven. There is a touching memoir by one who knew him well in the Pall Mall Gazette of Monday last. It is from the pen of Mr. James Hannay. The Athenaum having once labori-ously established the fact that the stars and flowers which figure in Mr. Smith's poems—it must be confessed very prominently-are the identical stars and flower which many other poets have sung about, feels bound to dismiss the poet in a dozen lines, in which it informs its readers that "Mr. Smith began his career by writing spasmodic poetry of a daring kind which had a certain success until the trick of composition was exposed," and that "after that exposure the public very quickly dropped the 'new poet' in favor of his originals." . I appeal to your readers, I appeal to the editor of your Literariana,

who has as fine a taste in these matters as any writer, English or American, whether this be a true account of Mr. Smith, his poems and career? I well remember Alexander Smith's first appearance in print, or at least the first appearance which attracted any attention here, and I notice the fact because no memoir I have seen makes any mention of it. It must be twenty years ago (fair readers will please to assume that my observation of literary events began very early in life) since a short poem, or rather fragment of a poem, came by post from Scotland to The Leader newspaper, a weekly journal of some vigor, at that time under the editorship of Mr. George Henry Lewes, but now extinct. This poem was published in The Leader and was the germ of that Life Drama which afterwards became known to poetical readers. It is curious that Mr. Smith's admirers should have forgotten this, but it is still more curious that the appearance of his poems in The Leader gave rise to a controversy hardly less fierce than that which has been provoked by Mr. Swinburne's Poems and Ballads. The objectors charged Mr. Smith with a fondness for sensual and voluptuous ideas, and assailed Mr. Lewes personally for inserting the poems, but Mr. Lewes resolutely de fended himself and the poet. All this has long since died away, just as the complaints against Shelley and Byron died away. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll took from the first a very kindly interest in Alexander Smith's reputation, but he happily was not in need of a patron in the old degrading sense. He wrote a great deal of prose of late; much for Good Words, at the request of Mr. Strahan (the most liberal paymaster of all our mag-azine proprietors). I see The Morning Star says that he was a frequent contributor to its columns, a fact which ew people knew.

Mr. Carlyle has installed his niece in his old-fashion house in Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and has started for Italy. He will probably spend the entire winter in Florence, where I hope he will find better weather than we have had here.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

To the Editor of the Round Table:

Sir: It is believed by American statesmen that the non-existence of an international copyright law between England and America is a circumstance which is greatly to the advantage of their country. They argue, and their argument seems plausible, that if there were a law of international copyright between the two countries, English authors, who at present derive no pecuniary benefit whatever from the sale of their books in America, would then receive a part of the price of every copy sold there; and, as a natural consequence, that price would be higher than it now is.

Those who have hitherto satisfied themselves with theorizing upon this matter, would do well to investigate the facts that bear upon it; for evidence is not wanting to show that the existence of a law of international copyright between England and America would greatly reduce the price of books in both countries; and, at he same time, make literature, as a pursuit, more remunerative than it now is to American and to English authors.

The following my own asses to textificate illustrative.

same time, make literature, as a pursuit, more remunerative than it now is to American and to English authors.

The following, my own case, is strikingly illustrative of the effect of the absence of such a law in raising the price of books in America. A popular work of mine, engitled The Dean's English, has been piratically published in New York by Messrs. Strahan & Co., and is sold by them at \$1.75. I have offered to supply American publishers with a later and greatly superior edition of the work at one-twelfth that price a copy, in quires; but, hitherto, the reply to my offer has been that, although it is liberal, it is declined, because as soon as another edition came into the market Messrs. Strahan & Co., would reduce the price of theirs; and, in the competition that would ensue, neither of the publishers would derive any profit from the sale of the work. American readers have, therefore, to be content with an inferior edition, and to pay an exorbitant price for copies.

My reason for mentioning my own case is, that the facts referring to it are, necessarily, known to me; but it is by no means an exceptional one; and I am not at a loss to understand why American publishers ask such high prices for reprints of English works. In the publishing of books, as in everything else, the price must be in prepartion to the risk. An American publisher knows that he has no exclusive right to the sale of the English work which he has pirated, and that if another publisher should bring out a superior edition of it in America he, the first publisher, would probably have the whole of his stock of the work thrown upon his hands, and his stereotype plates would become comparatively valueless. His risk is great, and the price is high in consequence of that risk. But if an American publisher could, by virtue of a law of international copyright with England, have the exclusive sale in America of any English work, he would, doubtless, be satisfied with a small profit on each copy, and would reap a larger aggregate reward, from th

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the price in America would from this cause, too, be reduced.

The absence, then, of an international copyright law between the two countries, so far from being an advantage to American readers, is a positive injury to them; and the allowing of such a state of things to continue is an injustice to American writers, whose works are pirated by the English, and is injurious to the interests of American literature. While American publishers can reprint the best works of the English press without paying anything for copyright, what encouragement can American authors expect to receive? They are brought unfairly into competition with pirated English works, and they are defrauded of the profit accruing from the sale of their own works in England.

But there are higher considerations which should influence those who have the determining of this matter—considerations of right and wrong. I appeal to American statesmen to let their legislative enactments be public examples of honorable dealing and show to the world that, with Americans, right and wrong are not questions of latitude and longitude; that, in their estimation, wrong is wrong everywhere; and that they will neither sanction the robbing of English authors by Americans, nor tamely submit to American authors being plundered by the English. Let American authors being plundered by the English. Let American authors being an equivalent for it; and especially let them treat with scorn the dea" of American children being taught out of books for writing which the authors have not been paid; ever remembering that it is not material prosperity, but righteousness, that exalteth a nation, and that a statesman's first duty is the inculcation of principles of national honor.

I do not appeal to Englishmen; it is unnecessary.

I do not appeal to Englishmen; it is unnecessary. They are willing to a man to vote in favor of a law of international copyright. I appeal to American statesmen and to the American people generally, who have recently passed through such a baptism of blood to free the negro from his degradation, and I ask them whether it is right, whether it is just, whether it is honorable, to take an author's works without paying him for them. O ye Americans! ye who have made such noble sacrifices of property, and who were willing to lay down even your lives in order to wipe out the foul stain of slavery from your country, tell me, is the labor of a black man's arms more worthy of reward than is the labor of a white man's brains?

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

G. WASHINGTON MOON.

LONDON, January 5, 1867.

### A COMPOSITE DIES IRÆ.

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Without disputing the high estimate which the Editor of The Seven Great Hymns sets on Mr. Slosson's ression of the Dies Irw, I am yet inclined to accept the suggestion in the Literariana of your last number, that "a composite or eclectic Dies Irw is the only way of getting a satisfactory translation." As an experiment in that direction, I have compiled from the thirteen versions of Dr. Coles, and those of Dr. Irons, Gen. Dix, Mr. Slosson, and Mr. Edward Caswall, an English scholar, whose rendering has considerable merit, the two following, which seem to me to embody best the spirit of the original—one in double, the other in single rhyme. In the margin I have given the sources from which each stanza is taken:

Double R	ITMED VERSION.	
I.		
Day of wrath! that day Seer and siby! speak of All the world to ashes	oncerning,	Dr. Coles, I.
11,		
O, what fear of wrath When the Judge is see Inquisition strict inte	n descending	Dr. Coles, IV.
111.		
Wondrous sound the t Thro' earth's sepulchr All before the throne	es it ringeth,	Dr. Irons.
IV.		
Death and nature, man When, the grave's lon Man to judgment is a	sed, are quaking, g slumber breaking, vaking.	Gen. Dix.
V.		
Lo, the book, exactly Wherein all bath been Thence shall judgmen	recorded;	Dr. Irone.
VI.		
When the Judge his s And each hidden dece Nothing unavenged r	l arraigneth,	Dr. Irona.
VII.		
What shall I, frail ma Who for me be intere When the just are me	eding,	Dr. Irona.
VIII		
Awful Monarch of Cr. Saving without comp Save me, Fountain of	ensation,	Dr. Coles, VI.
IX.		
Think, dear Lord! I Thou did'st bear cart Lose not me in that of	h's spite and treason	Altered from Dr. Coles, I.
x.		
Faint and weary thou On the cross of suffer Shall such grace be v	ing bought me:	Dr. Irons.

Dr. Coles, 1.

XII.	
As a culprit see me moaning, Redd'ning brows my errors owning; Spare, O God, thy suppliant, groaning.	Altered from Dr. Irons.
XIII.	
Thou the sinful woman savest, Thou the dying thief forgavest; And to me a hope vouchsafest!	Dr. Irons.
xiv.	
Worthless are my prayers and sighing, Yet, good Lord, thy grace supplying, Rescue me from fires undying.	Altered from Dr. Irons.
xv.	
Place among thy sheep confiding Give me, from the goats dividing,— On thy right a place abiding!	Altered from Gen. Dix.
xvi.	
While the wicked are confounded, Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded, Call me! with thy saints surrounded.	Dr. Irons.
XVII.	
I beseech thee, prostrate lying, Heart as ashes, contrite sighing, Care for me when I am dying!	Dr. Coles, I.

# XVIII. Ah! that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth returning, Man for judgment must prepare him; Spare, O God, in mercy, spare him! SINGLE RHYMED VERSION.

I.	
DAY OF WRATH! of days THAT DAY! Earth in flames shall melt away, Psalmist thus and sibyl say.	Mr. Slosson.
II.	
O, what trembling there shall be When all eyes the Judge shall see Come to sift iniquity.	Dr. Coles, X

Dr. Irons.

III.	
Hark! the trump with thrilling tone, From sepulchral regions lone, Summons all before the throne.	Mr. Caswo

From sepulchral regions lone, Summons all before the throne.	Mr. Caswall.
IV.	
Death shall shudder—nature too, When the creature, risen anew, To his Judge makes answer due.	Altered from Dr. Coles, V.
v.	
He the scroll of fate shall spread, Writ with all things done or said,	Mr. Slosson.

Thence to judge the awakened dead.	,
VI.	
So when he ascends his throne,	Mr. Vander
Every secret shall be known;	hoff.

Every secret shall be known; Guilt unpunished shall be none.	hoff.
VII.	
What shall wretched I then plead, Who for me will intercede, When the saints shall comfort need?	Mr. Caswall.

When the saints shall comfort head?	,
VIII.	
King of awful majesty, Who dost freely justify, Fount of Pity, save thou me!	Mr. Caswal

	IX.	
Thin	Jesus! priceless stay! k! for me thy bleeding way! me not, upon that day!	Mr. Slosson
	x.	
	ried, satt'st thou, seeking me,	Altered fro

Wearied, sait'st thou, seeking me, Didst redeem me on the tree; Let not vain thy travail be!	Altered from Mr. Caswall.
XI. Righteous Judge! Avenging Lord! Full remission me afford, Ere that final day's award,	Dr. Coles, X.

XII.	
Groan I, like a culprit base, Conscious guilt inflames my face; Spare thy suppliant, God of Grace!	Dr. Coles, A

Magdalen found grace with thee, So the thief upon the tree; Hope thou givest e'en to me.	Mr. Slosson.
YIV.	

Worthless are my yows I know, Yet, dear Lord, thy pity show, Lest I sink in endless woe.	Mr. Slosson
xv.	

From the goats my lot divide, With thy lambs a place provide, On thy right and near thy side.	Mr. Slosson
XVI.	

When the accursed sink in shame, Given to tormenting flame, With thy biessed call my name.	Mr. Slossor
VVII	

Bowed to earth, I strive in prayer; Heart like cinders, see, I bear; Its last throbbing be thy care.	Mr. Elosson
VEIN	

	XVIII.	
	An! THAT DAY of burning tears,	1
Man al	Man all guilt, his doom to bear— Spare HIM, God! IN MERCY, SPARE!	Mr. Slosson.
	these selections I have striven to se	ombine filelli

that it is a well-nigh hopeless task to give in English any adequate idea of the power and pathos of this noblest of the mediæval hymns.

Very truly, etc., etc.,

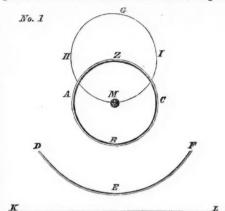
January 21, 1867.

### LUNAR PHENOMENA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

To the Editor of the Round Table:

Sir: I have just been enjoying the sight of the most singular and beautiful phenomenon that I ever witnessed. About twenty-five minutes ago there appeared around the moon that was just "mounting her topmost arch," in a perfectly cloudless sky, a broad, unbroken halo of brilliant primatic colors reversed, measuring about 45 degrees in diameter on the meridian. Below this glorious circle, say 22½ degrees in a parallel curve, was an arc of still more magnificent hues, extending through a quadrant; while more lightly defined, yet of delicate beauty, was disclosed, at intervals of a few minutes, a second circle of the same dimensions as the first, its lower edge resting on the moon and having the zenith for its centre. This rare and enchanting display lasted in perfection, I suppose, about twenty minutes, and then gradually faded away. The night is the coldest of the season—thermometer 8 degrees



JANUARY 16, 1867, 9.30 P. M.—M—Moon; Z—Zenith; A B C—Chief halo; D E F—Brilliant arc; G H I—Second halo; K L—Horizon.

below zero. I send herewith a rude diagram (No. 1) to make my description clear.

JANUARY 17, 1867.

P.S.—Prof. D. S. Sheldon, of Griswold College, observed at half-past two o'clock this morning another interesting phase of this magnificent phenomenon—being a brilliant halo of 45 degrees, and mock moons with white flamelike appearances on its opposite side. (See diagram marked No. 2). These halos are supposed to be caused No. 2.

JANUARY 17, 1867, 2.90 A. M.—M.—Moon; N.N.—Mock-moons, with flame-like appearance.

by the refraction of the moon's rays as they pass through crystals of frozen vapor floating in the upper regions of the atmosphere. The fact of their appearance and disappearance last night may be owing to the effect of the wind on strata of air filled with minute crystals.

Very sincerely, etc.,

DAVENFORT, IOWA, JANUARY 16, 1867, 9.50 P.M.

### REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

### IDALIA.\*

IF any one has ever written a novel which combines in a more astonishing degree the sublime and the ridiculous than the one before us we have yet to make its acquaintance. No one of average feeling and imagination can read the book without interest, without admiration, without amazement, or without laying it down ever and anon to give vent, as we did, to irrepressible peals of laughter. *Idalia* is altogether an anomaly. The authoress by a curious chance unites those qualities of ardent fancy, minute observation, and remarkable eloquence which enchain the attention and enlist the feelings, with so defective a judgment and so independent. In these selections I have striven to combine fidelity with force; where either was unattainable, I have sacrificed the former. For example, Dr. Irons's rendering of the eighth stanza is much more literal than Dr. Coles's; but, besides being weak, misses, by turning Salva me! into Befriend us! all the pathos and vividness of the original. Indeed, I have never yet met a satisfactory translation of this beautiful stanza; the peculiar turn of the second line it is almost impossible to reproduce in English within similar metrical limit.

Mr. Caswall's version of the second line in the third stanza gives better the weird, solemn effect of the Latin than any other I have seen; and Dr. Irons's rendering of the fifth is as hard to improve on as Mr. Slosson's of the sixteenth. Yet one needs but to compare these various translations to be sensible how very, very far the best of them fall short of their great original, and to be convinced

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to the most microscopic accessories, are arranged with scrupulous care and singular fertility of invention; the conversations are unforced, often extremely natural and rich in epigram and sparkle; but yet throughout the whole six hundred pages there is a constant suggestion of unreality, a traversing of harmony and a strain upon possibility which are fatal to illusion, although they can not entirely destroy interest. There is scarcely a character in the book but that some time or another in the course of the action he or she does something which in real life no human being outside of a lunatic asylum could by any imaginative stretch be supposed to do. The very names of the leading personages—that of the heroine being Idalia, Countess Vassalis, and the hero's Sir Fulke Erceldonne—have a promise of melodrama which the extraordinary performances of those who bear them very richly fulfil. The lady is a Greek of marvellous beauty and accomplishments, who is in the habit of wandering about southern Europe, metimes in the Carpathians-where she meets the -sometimes in Paris, sometimes in Venice, and oc casionally in a sumptuous palace which she possess conveniently situated on the Bosphorus. She is alto gether adorable, with a wealth of fair hair, with a face and figure of ideal Grecian beauty, brows "proudly arched," lips of "voluptuous softness," eyes of "dark, unfathomable lustre," and an ensemble which is altogether ravishing. She has also a great talent for posing—get ting into attitudes for her picture-which has always quite a frantic effect upon the somewhat uncouth but utterly uncontrollable passion of her Scotch adorer. Little photographs like this are quite common and always put Sir Fulke into a frenzy:

"Where she stood, with her eyes turned westward to the far-off snows of Citheron and Mount Ida, and the shores which the bronze spear of Palisa Athene once guarded through the night and day, the dark light in her eyes deepened, and the flush of a superb pride was on her brow—it seemed Aspasia who lived again and who remembered Pericles."

With all her attractions, however, this delightful creature is not in society. She is in fact, for reasons which are not made very clear, a kind of superfine Queen of Bohemia - has superb banquets at which gentlemen alone are the guests, sits up until daylight without any other companion than a single one of those guests with whom she has a fancy to discourse, sails about in a yacht with anybody and everybody, and is in general quite irresponsible to convention. She is represented as always conspiring against established governments and in behalf of "oppressed nationalities," though why she should do so is rather hazy, unless it be to furnish the raison d'être of the strange flights and wanderings and turnings up at unexpected places with which the action is so profusely interspersed, and which lend dramatic interest to situations void of probability. More inexplicable than this is her mysterious tie to "Count Conrad Phaulcon," who turns out at the end to be her father. All the misery and horror which beset Idalia and her lover hinge upon the concealment of this circumstance, and the concealment is, therefore, very adroitly managed up to the denouement. There re however, the trifling objection that except to bring about this misery and horror there is no reas for the concealment at all; and the reader on being at last enlightened experiences those natural feelings of resentment which are provoked when the sympathies have been entrapped under false pretences. The same criticism is applicable to Idalia's meaningless flights from Erceldone, the absence of tangible motive being a constant source of irritation. Of course, on each occasion he becomes more crazily in love, but the degrees of his assion might surely have been wrought by machinery less trite, palpable, and clumsy.

The baronet himself is a neat mosaic consisting of equal parts of Guy Livingstone, Edgar of Ravensy and Ingomar the Barbarian, but the combination, like the ingredients of gunpowder, make up a much more explosive and astonishing whole than is either constituent by itself. He is a Hercules in strength, an Apollo in person, a Curtius in devotion. He brings down eagles with rifle-shots from vast distances, he "wrings the amber Moselle from his long moustaches," he gets hold of a very large-sized bishop whom he finds trying to take impertinent liberties with Idalia at midnight in the cell of a monastery, and

"crushed the priest in his sinewy arms till the chest-bone bent and the breath was stifled as in the gripe of the Arctic bear then, with one last effort, he swang the Italian off, and, raising him by the waist, flung him with all his might downward on to the stone floor, the limbs falling with a dult, crushing, breaking sound as they were dashed against the granite."

After this exploit, Sir Fulke proceeds to "crush the steel links that hung, holding her wrists powerless," and then, with the aid of a large hound, who is a pet of Idalia's and plays an important part in the story, to fight

ance of some hundred armed men. After a preliminary struggle, in which he has gained some advantage, it be omes necessary to cut his way through a crowd of monks who are between the little party and the outer gate, be-yond which the doughty Erceldonne has, of course, swift horses waiting. He has given the lady a pistol:

swift horses waiting. He has given the lady a pistol:

"Fire with me!" he said in his teeth. 'Our lives hang on it.'
She heard, and raised her weapon steadily as the priests rushed at them, while the great, gaunt body of the Abruzzian (Fulke had done for him a little before) lay like a mass of timber at their feet; the two shots echoed together, aimed at the mass of stretching hands, of brawny arms, of gleaming hatchets, of littled clubs that were within a hand's breadth of them in the twilight of the lamplit hall. The mass wavered, quivered, staggered back; in that one breathless pause Erceldonne, with his arms roundher so that she was held close against his breast, dashed forward with a rush as a lion will dash through the cordon of hunters who have fenced him in for the slaughter, hurling them back and front, left and right, by the impetus that bore him through them as swiftly, as resistlessly, as a scythe clears its way through the

swiftly, as resistlessly, as a scythe clears its way through sprasses.

One monk, more rapid than the rest, swerved aside from the bound of the control of t

The escape is made good, and the hero's wonderful at tempt, which really eclipses those superhuman achievments of our old friends Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, in Les Trois Mousquetaires, is crowned with complete success. It may be well to take so much license with the rotation of our extracts as will permit a person al description of this surprising gentleman from the early part of the volume. He is on a solitary hunting expedition and has just shot an eagle, whose fate is made in the sequel in some measure to typify his own:

sequel in some measure to typify his own:

"On the moor the king-bird lay, the pinions broken and powerless, the breast-feathers wet and bathed in blood, the piercing
eyes, which loved the sun, blind and glazed with film; the life a
moment before strong, fearless, and rejoicing in the light, was
gone. A feeling, new and strange, came on his slayer, as he
stood there in the stillness of the solitary moor, alone with the
dead eagle lying at his feet. He paused, and leaned on his rife,
looking downward:

"God forgive me. I have taken a life better than my own!"

"Knee-deep in the purple heather, the destroyer leant
on his gun, alone on the Scotch side of the border, with the sea
flashing like a line of silver light on his left, and the bold sweep
of the Cheviot hills fronting him. The golden eagle had fallen by
no unworthy foe; he was a man of very lofty stature, and of
powerful build and since, his muscles close-knit and his frame
like steel, as became one who was in hard condition from year's
end to year's end. His complexion was a clear bronze, almost as
dark as an Arab's, though originally it had been fair enough; his
black, sweeping moustaches and beard were long, thick, and
silken; his eyes, large and very thoughtful, the hue of the eagle's
he had shot. His features were bold, proud, and frank, while his
bearing had the distinction of blood with the dash of a soldier,
the reposeful stateliness of the old regime with the alert keenness
of a man need to rapid action, clear decision, coolness under danger, and the wiles of the world in all its ways. Standing solitary
there on the brown heath, his form rose tail and martial enough
for one of the night riders of Liddesdale or the Knight of
Snowden himself, against the purple haze and amber light."

As the lover of the hapless Lucy Ashton was the Master of Ravenswood, so is our present hero the Master of King's Rest; but he is also something more. Extremely poor, having been left in comparative beggarv through the selfish extravagance of his father, who was known as Regency Erceldonne, Sir Fulke has sought and ob tained a position as queen's messenger, which involves his travelling about Europe with despatches and, conse quently, falling in with Idalia. In the Carpathians, while in charge of important diplomatic papers, he is waylaid, shot, and left for dead. Idalia and her hound who have been taking a walk among the mountain asses, come upon him, discover that he still breathes and the lady causes him to be conveyed to a neighboring convent, where he is nursed to recovery. Before his re moval, however, he has sufficiently revived to open his eyes for an instant, and the single glance that he gets at his ministering angel is, as in duty bound, quite sufficient to settle his fate and the future of the story. Tended by the friendly sisterhood, Sir Fulke recovers health and strength to find that no one knows anything of his preserver, her quality and whereabouts being wrapped in impenetrable mystery, which the hero, as might be ex pected, sets to work to penetrate. Thereupon follow all manner of eccentric gyrations by all the persons of the drama, who dart about Europe from the Rue de Rivoli to the Dardenelles in a most extraordinary manner but with what object we confess to being unable to de One felicitous circumstance is certainly discernable which is that, although without the slightest conceiv able clue to aid him in tracking his mistress, and although the hunting ground from the Bay of Biscay to the Black Sea is a tolerably wide one, and although Idalia has especial reasons for hiding, Erceldonne never goes by any chance to any spot, however remote or out of the way, but that by a miraculous fortune he meets her. In the sequel he, of course, wins her, for notwithstanding he is dreadfully cut, battered, shot, scourged, starved, and tortured before that blissful consummation, his recupera tive faculties are such that it really doesn't make much difference. Besides, in the course of his adventures, he so smashes and mauls and tramples on his various foes his and her way out of the monastery, despite the resist with the exception of the villanous Count Conrad

Phaulcon-that it has the effect to keep him always in good heart to stand punishment; for which he certainly is as great a "glutton" as ever were Tom Sayers or the Tipton Slasher. Barring the dead and maimed, all ends happily for everybody-again with the exception of Count Conrad Phaulcon, who conveniently contrives to get mortally wounded, very much to the apparent relief of his daughter and his prospective son-in-law. Idalia had always been innocent through all her equivocal situations. Her motives were pure, however the world may have misconstrued them. There is no honorable reason why she should not wed her noble lover, although for a long time she clearly labored under an opposite impression. The interesting but just defunct count, her parent—who, by the way, was the assassin of Erceldonne in the Carpathians—cannot now give them his blessing, but neither seem to think that of any conquence, and they manage very comfortably without it.

We feel bound, before concluding, to add that, although the perusal of this novel must needs from educated readers force many a smile, it must be acknowledged to exhibit a great deal of striking and attractive merit. The authoress has a luxuriantly fertile imagination and her power over the language is remarkable. Her style occasionally reminds us of Bulwer Lytton, but is deficient in the scholarly taste which has marked that great writer's later productions. The conversations in *Idalia* are better than the descriptions; they are, to specify, more natural, more incisive, and less exaggerated. Exaggeration, in truth, is the prime defect of this book, as it was that of Chandos. Both show plenty of ability but very little judgment. "Ouida" has a certain mental twist, or opacity, which prevents her from harmoniously connecting cause and effect, motives and actions, human nature and the plausible phenomena which spring from its workings. She dearly loves the romantic aspect of life as oppose to the commonplace or conventional, and this taste combines with a certain want of balance and a bright and picturesque fancy to produce books which are full of passion and full of triviality, intensely interesting yet ridiculously improbable. Strathmore is a better novel than either Chandos or Idalia, but the improvement is unprom ising which works the wrong way. If "Ouida" could manage to investigate exact science for a year or two and combine it with the study of moral and intellectual philosophy, she might perhaps supply her peculiar deficiencies. It is certain, were she to do so, that scarcely a female novelist of her time could excel her in most of the cies. important elements that go to make successful fiction; while in imaginative vigor and beauty of coloring she would in our judgment be second to none

### AMERICAN HERALDRY.\*

WHEREVER we have been in New England we have found cherished in many households watercolor drawings, made with great flourishes and with marked similarity of adornment, representing the coatarmor of the family, as it was believed to be, and generally furnished with a gilt frame and hung conspicuously over the mantel in the best room, or else in the main hall of more pretentious houses. These usually date back for their execution to the early quarter of this century, or to the period subsequent to the Revolution in the last: and are generally to be ascribed to a father or son each bearing the name of John Coles, and each in many cases inventor as well as depictor; and, as Mr. Whitmo tells us, their work is unmistakable in feature and utterly worthless as authority. It is the dissemination of error arising out of mistaken ideas of the science, and the mislead of such heraldic painters, that induced the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, in January, 1865, to decide, through their Committee on Heraldry, to begin the publication of such specimens of cont-armo as were in use in this country before the War of Inde-pendence. This effort disclosed more clearly than before the extent of this unwarranted assumption of arms; and to enlighten the benighted in his pet science, Mr. Whitmore has prepared the present volume. It is chiefly made up of descriptions, and glossary and rules of the cience (to employ the dignified term), all of which it is very well to be acquainted with as one department of things knowable; but which, to our comprehension, carries with it little or no meaning except as a mere distinctive badge of the bearer.

The subject is in some confusion even in England by the misappropriations of coats by everybody, and is so confused and socially unnecessary with us, that the whole matter is confusion worse confounded. If Mr.

<sup>\*</sup> The Elements of Heraldry, containing an explanation of the principles of the science and a glossary of the technical terms employed; with an essay upon the use of coat-armor in the United States. By Wm. II. Whitmore, With numerous illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1866.

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Whitmore wishes to clear the subject up, there is a good opportunity for persistency; for it is sure to be muddled as rapidly as he can clarify; and the marble-cutters and as rapidly as no can charry; and the marbie-catters and the coach-painters with their patrons are quite as likely to have their own way on fire-frame and panel, just as freely as if Gwillim, Lower, Planche, Burke, and Whitmore never existed. It is a harmless hobby at best, and to flatter and stultify one's self in a quiet way is inoffensive to the rest of us, and sometimes a matter for others' amusement. No subject of investigation is to be treated with unqualified flippancy, and we are not desirous of conveying the impression that Mr. Whitmore has produced a ridiculous or empty book. As an accessory to genealogy (not always a despicable study by any means) and to history, the purport and variations of the "science" are of some importance. We even have a conservative's respect for the time-lionored insignia of a family, that has come down with clinging associations and has an often been put as a seal upon records of will amusement. No subject of investigation is to be treated and has so often been put as a seal upon records of will and justice. We like to see the display of escutcheon on the old tombs and English slate that mark some of the last resting-places of our colonial worthies; and Mr. Whitmore has taken the pains to enumerate some of those that are found in the ancient burial-grounds of Boston and elsewhere in New England. We look at the fac-similes of the old signets of the early governors and magistrates with respect; and Mr. Whitmore tells us our respect should be increased in regard to such as date back of the time when it were possible that the colonists had a resident engraver among them who could gratify their vanity—the presumption being far stronger that any armor was an heir-loom and had been brought over with the emigrant, if there were no ready means of false appropriation at hand. We are also warned not to conclude too hastily against the right of any of these forefathers to bear arms because we cannot find their insignia upon seal or tomb, since personal repugnance to the system and even religious scruples against such implied pre-eminence were not uncommon with the Puri-

Of the spurious or doubtful coat-armor preserved in New England families, there is a class earlier than the Coles fabrications, which are entitled to some little consideration. There was an engraver in Boston, Thomas Johnson by name, who died at near sixty in 1767, and who has left some of his work in these painted coats; and others, his contemporaries, but continuing to flourish a liftle later, like James Turner and Nathaniel Hurd, not to mention various goldsmiths who chased on plate have left specimens of their skill in book-plate and on family silver not always, so the jealous an-tiquaries tell us, worthy of trust, but of more pre-sumable value than those of subsequent origin. Singularly enough, a coach-painter seems to have made our only considerable record of these coat-armors as borne by New England families in the last century, and his roll of persons whose blazon he displayed on hatchment or banner for the funerals of the worthies extends from 1701 to 1724, and covers some seventy different names of New England. This document, which Mr. W. copies in part and which was given in full in the *Heraldic Journal* of Boston in 1865, is traced back to a John Gore, who was born in 1718, a carriage-painter by trade, and father of the late Governor Gore, of Massachusetts; but though it dates antecedent to this man's birth, its ownership can be traced back no farther, and in most of the cases the authenticity of the arms has been proved by other evi-

It is to be feared that the followers of that the in our day are not so conscientious in heraldic matters, and the blazonry of panel adornments as displayed on the coaches of our sons of shoddy and nativaloum would not stand any exact attestation. The It is to be feared that the followers of that trade petroleum would not stand any exact attestation. The engravers of our seal rings and book-plates find the bard cash of pretension quite as attractive as though it were backed by legitimacy, and a careful scrutiny of their counter-albums would show an amazing deal of presumption, or something else. If truth is worth discovering, what modicum of the virtue may exist in American heraldry will afford a long search to the curious, and such will find their course not a little cleared up by this handsomely printed work of Mr. Whitmore.

### LIBRARY TABLE.

The Mysteries of the People; or, The Story of a Plebeian Family for Two Thousand Years. By Eugene Sue Translated by Mary L. Booth. New York: Clark, 1867.

—To afford the readers of fiction a new sensation—to awaken in their minds a powerful interest for a large portion of the human race whose history has rarely been invested with much of the romantic element—and been invested with much of the medium of a story of

unparalleled length and infinite variety, an amount of instruction the acquirement of which would necessitate years of severe study, is a task which none but a man of the highest order of genius, combined with warm sympathies for all humanity, could hope to accomplish. Of his fitness for the work Eugene Sue has afforded abundant evidence. His literary life was one disinterested struggle against social and political tyranny, and if his views were not altogether practical, nor his opinions and arguments strictly logical, he was nevertheless fearless in the expression of his thoughts, untiring in his efforts for the interests of the people, and willing to risk his personal liberty for the ultimate success of a cause which he thought righteous; namely, the abolition of monarchical and hereditary privilege.

"It is for the sake of our brethren of the people and the work-

In one of his notes he says:

"It is for the sake of our brethren of the people and the working classes that we write this history under a form which we strive to render amusing. We entreat them, therefore, to read these notes which are, so to speak, the key to the stories, and which prove that under the form of romance there will be found the most dosclute historical fact. We give a few extracts from ancient and modern historians which will prove, though from different standpoints, that there have always been two races among us, the conquerors and the conquered."

As a German thinks a novel a legitimate occasion for philosophizing, so a Frenchman considers it a vehicle for the dissemination of his political opinions, and the revolutionary periods when

"France got drunk with blood to vomit crime" have been seized upon by novelists of every creed and faith

lutionary periods when

"France got drunk with blood to vomit crime"
have been seized upon by novelists of every creed and faith as furnishing evidences of the truth of their individual theories. The story of a French family taking an active part in the revolution of 184- forms the introduction to this work, and the scene opens on the memorable 23d of February, when all Paris was in a ferment of political excitement and anxiety. Monsieur Lebrenn, a linendraper, whose shop in the Rue St. Denis bears the remarkable sign of "The Sword of Brennus," traces his family, by the aid of well-preserved manuscripts, back through numerous generations for a period of two thousand years. Of course he is a fierce republican, likewise an active member of secret societies, and the instruction imparted by him to a young workman, George Duchène, and again repeated by him to his aged grandfather, affords the reader a sketch of the early history of France from a democratic point of view, showing, according to these opinions, that the kings, dukes, and counts are but a race of Frankish bandits, or "Cossacks," aided in their usurpation of Gallic soil by the equally dishonest bishops. "But why," enquires the grandfather, "didn't that good old mother, insurrection, step in, in spite of these accursed bishops?"

George subsequently becomes Monsieur Lebrenn's son-in-law, and they fight bravely together at the "barricades."

The linen-draper has a somewhat singular encounter

George subsequently becomes Monsieur Lebrenn's son-in-law, and they fight bravely together at the "barricades."

The linen-draper has a somewhat singular encounter with a certain Monsieur de Plouernel, a colonel in the French army, whom he suspects, and not without reason, of a design to seduce his daughter. He recognizes in the colonel the descendant of some of the enemies of his race and takes occasion to give him a political lecture, which is interrupted by the entrance of an adjutant of Plouernel's regiment who brings him orders to mount immediately, as disturbances are expected that evening in Paris. During the fight which ended in the overthrow of Louis Philippe, the colonel's life is saved by Lebrenn, who takes him to his house and assists him to escape, and he in return obtains the liberation of Lebrenn, whom we find some eighteen months after a galley-slave at Rochfort, while the colonel has become a general in the army of the republic, Louis Napoleon being then chief magistrate. On his restoration to his family, Monsieur Lebrenn summons them to a mysterious chamber in which are arranged sundry relics and manuscripts.

""My children, said Lebrenn, in a tremulous voice, as he pointed to the historical curiosities assembled on the table, 'these are our family relics. Each one of these articles is connected with some reminiscence, name, or date of interest to us; as when our descendants shall possess the narrative of my life, written by me, the helmet of Monsieur de Plouernel, and the iron ring worn by me in the galleys will have their historic significance. It is in this manner that almost all the generations that have gone before us, for two thousand years, have furnished their tribute to this collection."

The several members of the family express some astonishment that these relics should have been readed.

The several members of the family express some astonishment that these relics should have been preserved by such an obscure family, and Lebrenn reads to them the following extract from Geraldi Cambrensis Itinerari Wallie, Londini, 1585:

Wallie, Londini, 1585:

"'Among the Bretons the men of the humblest condition know their ancestors, and retain by memory their whole pedigree to the remotest generations; expressing themselves thus, for instance: Eres the son of Theodrik, the son of Ent, the son of Acte, the son of Cadel, the son of Roderik the Great, or the chief, and so on. Their ancestors are to them the object of a true idolatry, I' etc., etc.

The most ancient memento of the family is a golden sickle, a Druidical emblem to which is attached a manuscript bearing date B. C. 57.

The "Brass Bell," with a manuscript dated B. C. 56, and the "Iron Collar," on which may be discerned the inscription in Roman characters "Servus Sum," with manuscript dated B. C. 50, furnish the materials for the first series of the present work, which will be completed in eight series, forming an entire romantic history of France.

France.

The first manuscript, "The Golden Sickle," describes the manners and customs of a peaceful Gallic family, living by the labor of their hands and employed chiefly in agricultural pursuits. An interesting account of the mysteries and religion of the Druids, drawn from all available and authentic sources, is likewise herein comprised, ending with the voluntary sacrifice of Hena, the virgin of the isle of Sena; and much valuable information is contained in the copious notes appended by the author, who quotes the following from the work on Druidism by Reynaud:

"Such was the essential characteristic of the doctrine of the

separated from the organs which he had used during his earthly existence, man did not become a shade, as in paganism and the doctrines of the Church of Rome, but the soul immediately took possession of a new body, and this without entering the fabulous empire of Pluto, or that of Satan, any more than the mystical clouds of the empyrean; it simply went to take up its abode in another planet. Death therefore formed, in reality, but a dividing line between a periodical series of existence."

The Brass Bell "contains a history of the subjugation of Gaul by the Romans, and the valiant efforts of Vercinquetorix, the great chief of the "Hundred Valleys," to save his countrymen from the slavery to which they were condemned by Cæsar; and the last story of the series, "The Iron Collar," gives a vivid and terrible picture of the sufferings endured by the Gauls and of the ferocity and depravity of their conquerors. Among other scenes in the arena is the following encounter between a huge lion and a Gaul:

"To die more speedily, the unfortunate Gaul had fallen upon

in the arena is the following encounter between a huge lion and a Gaul:

"To die more speedily, the unfortunate Gaul had fallen hpon his knees; but in his terror he buried his face in his hands, to hide the monster from his sight. The lion, with one stroke of the paw on the crown of the slave's head, threw his face to the ground and held it there; then planting the nails of the other paw in his loins, drew his prey transversely toward him. Having him thus secure, the brute was in no haste to devour him; panting and breathiess, he stretched himself his whole length upon the sand with his huge head on the body of the slave, while a bloody foam trickled from his open jaws and lolling tongue. The Gaul was still alive and uttering inarticulate cries; his arms and legs writhed and beat the ground, and from the convulsions of his whole body it was evident that he was striving, but in vain, to escape the atrocious torture. Suddenly the lion's mane bristled, and his tail lashed the sand; he reared up on his hind feet, still holding the Gaul with his fore-paws; then, suddenly lowering his head, he bit his prey through the middle of the spine and crushed it in his teeth, growling ilercely meanwhile. A black and yellow spotted tiger, of equal size with the lion, approached to dispute with him his victim. The lion, without letting go his hold, raised his paw, the claws of which had been buried in the skull of the slave, and struck them into the muzzle of the tiger. The latter, despite the wound, opened his jaws, seized the head of the Gaul which the lion was holding with the other paw, and, with bristling back and bent muzzle, violently drew it towards him, while the lion, with his teeth still fixed in the middle of his back, pulled in the opposite direction. Both rose from their crouching position to end the struggle by snatching the body in two."

The physical suffering and heroic endurance of re-

back, planed in the opposition to end the struggle by snatching the body in two."

The physical suffering and heroic endurance of religious and political martyrs of past ages enlist our warmest sympathies, and lasting gratitude is due to those whose persistent endeavors served to manure the soil which yielded in after times such abundant and liberal harvest; but in order that any book should appeal to the disciples of progress at the present day it must contain in the annals of later centuries a portrayal of those mental conflicts, those struggles for intellectual freedom, those determined efforts for emancipation from social and domestic thraldom, which mark the epoch of advanced civilization, and the champion of universal freedom must impress upon his followers the necessity of becoming fitted for the inheritance he would claim for them, before the world will accord to them the rights which physical force cannot suffice to maintain. The result of successive revolutions has abundantly shown that the reign of ignorance and brute force can never be lastingly maintained. We shall look with interest for the succeeding series of this book, which reflects much credit upon the enterprising publisher.

Too much praise can scarcely be awarded to Miss Booth for the industry evinced in her laborious undertaking as well as for the fidelity of her excellent translation.

Booth for the industry evinced in her laborious undertaking as well as for the fidelity of her excellent translation.

Liffith Lank: or, Lunacy. By C. H. Webb. Illustrations by Sol Eytinge, Jr. New York: Carleton, publisher.—This is a work of art of which it may fairly besaid that it is more original than its prototype. It has also the recommendation of being much shorter. A little bigamy goes a great way, and the implicit avowal that a cherished hero's vagaries are merely the product of idiocy is a much better stroke in the way of explanation than any resource can be which includes the assumption of his being in the enjoyment of his sober senses. If brevity is the soul of wit and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, the relative positions of Liffith Lank and its original may readily be assigned. Au reste, there is a noticeable, similarity between these two productions, although many may give Mr. Webb the palm over his verboser rival, in virtue of his chaste style and rare felicity of illustration. It may, indeed, be invidiously said that Liffith too closely follows the plot of Griffith; but what would you have? Shakespeare (or Bacon) drew largely on Biondello and other ingenious plot-makers, and some believe never made a fable for himself at all; and if Shakespeare (or Bacon) why not Webb? Besides, some weight attaches to the enquiry? whether Biondello & Co. really made their own plots; since it is not quite so bad to filch from a dead corsair as to plunder a living merchantman. Let this delicate matter be settled as it may, it is evident that the author of Liflith Lank is by no means exclusively indebted for his story to the author of Griffith Gaunt. There must be several claimants to share the honor, as we have lately demonstrated and as Mr. Charles Reade has, as our London correspondent informs us, somewhat tardily and obscurely confessed. However, "better late than never" and "it is never too late to mend" even the objectionable habits of stealing other people's brains and writing silly and impude

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ful candor, too, with which the author explains in his preface his obligation to Mr. Reade for his leading idea as contrasted with the equivocal reticence of that individual when placed in a like situation, "sticks fiery off indeed." But Mr. Webb really goes further in his chivalrous generosity than there is any need; for people have painted the delights of bigamy, woven the intricacles of "Two Loves and a Life," and made themselves ridiculous—perhaps not quite so ridiculous—before the time of his eccentric exemplar, and to sound the trumpet of his praise had been rendered quite supererogatory by a circumstance which needs no mention. We are assured that Liffith Lank is having a large sale, although recourse has not yet been had to the device which secured a large sale for its predecessor, or, as we should now say, companion volume. Perhaps Mr. Webb may be going through the, to a gentleman, somewhat disgusting task of getting up in Billingsgate prior to emulating the business tact and high-bred delicacy of his rival on getting out a new edition, but from what we have heard of him we should think this improbable. Nor, in our opinion, will such a step be advisable; since there are some occult to add to the obvious objections against taking it which may prudently be left to the development of time. Prejudice apart, we are glad to be able to add our concurrent testimony to the praises which have been elicited by this little brochure. Reprehension from a high moral standpoint is sometimes an imperative duty, but the weapons of satire have a legitimate use when directed against either vice or folly. The trouble is that wickedness has almost invariably its absurd side, albeit there are degrees in everything, and it is not always we find a nature at once morbidly vicious and preposterously silly. Liffith Lank aims no blows at virtue under cover of the glittering fascination of its characters, and its sole objectionable incident is held up as a warning and not as an example. To these moral recommendations may be added t

Rachel's Secret: A Novel. By the Author of The Master of Marton. New York: Hurper & Brothers.—
In Rachel's Secret every page tells of a careful and loving study of nature and every character seems the result of a close observance of humanity under various aspects, and yet the result is not agreeable. Woods and violets truthfully described cannot be unpleasant subjects, but such descriptions may be repeated until they become wearisome. The talk of country folks in a dialect which is admirably true to their county is worthy of all praise as a study from humble life, but page after page filled with it wearies one as would the society of such persons in reality. Novel-writing is like conversation: one person may indulge in long descriptions, and even moral reflections, and we listen with pleasure, while another with absolute fidelity of detail and irrefragable truth of ethics presses us beyond all measure of our patience. The novelist may have this advantage, that he can write on without the possibility of interruption; but we, on the other hand, can put him down without rudeness. The thics presses us beyond all measure of our patience. The novelist may have this advantage, that he can write on without the possibility of interruption; but we, on the other hand, can put him down without rudeness. The fashion of the day in art, in decoration, and, in England at least, in novel-writing is an intense realism which leads writers to devote pages of description to the most simple objects. But mere copying from every-day life, instead of using that experience which life gives as material wherewith to work out an artistic conception, is to work like the photographer who, in place of green woods and golden light and play of color, gives us a blackened and desolate copy, faithful to every stick and stone, false to every truth and beauty at which the painter aims. If the author of Rachel's Secret has taken his characters from life, he has been unfortunate in friends; if he has drawn upon his imagination, he is unfortunate in his habit of thought, for a more selfish group could scarcely be found. Two only are for a moment unmindful of themselves, and one of them is quietly sacrificed as if it were a matter of course. Dunstan Dayne, the hero, is a civil engineer. Arrogant, impatient, and selfish, he has one virtue, industry, on which the author lays great stress, and when things go well with him he is good-tempered. Receiving an appointment to superintend some railway works at a small place named Glinton, he proceeds thither and takes lodging on a farm near the town, where the farmer's wife Mrs. Doyle, a sort of shadow of Mrs. Poyser with the color washed out, treats him with a kindness he never seems to appreciate. A mysterious Squire Gilmour lives near by, with whose pretty daughter, Winifred, he falls in love, and as the squire is quite absorbed by care concerning the health of his son, and does not care for his daughter, he consents to the engagement. Presently Dunstan grows jealous and the lovers quarrel, and when the doctors order Winifred's brother to a warm climate and she is obliged to accompany

a time, but finally yielded to his entreaties, and her love was strong and deep as her nature. When he gets well, however, Rachel does not seem so needful to him, and when Winifred comes back—her brother having died however, Rachel does not seem so needful to him, and when Winifred comes back—her brother having died—and he discovers that she always loved him, he considers himself a martyr, while, however, he determines to keep his promise to Rachel. Mr. Gilmour is now taken ill and Rachel goes to Rachel. Mr. Gilmour is now taken ill and Rachel goes to Roboklands to nurse him. Winifred, who is always shaking her sunny curls or sobbing herself to sleep, is now doing the latter, and Rachel, trying to comfort her, learns that she loves Dunstan, but that some horrible obstacle has come between them—what, Winifred does not know. Of course, Rachel resolves to sacrifice herself by releasing Dunstan, who makes some faint opposition, but willingly withdraws it when she is positive. In Mr. Gilmour's last moments, Rachel, alone with him, learns that she is his legitimate daughter and heiress instead of Winifred; but rather than make two very sellish people uneasy, and not even caring to establish her mother's fair fame, she keeps the secret locked in her own breast, and going to that inestimable refuge for superfluous heroines, the Crimea, she dies. What moral lesson we are to draw from all this the author knows best, unless, indeed, he wishes to make Rachel an example and warning to any of her sex who may fancy they are not idots such as Winifred is, who is rewarded while Rachel is punished, though she is meek enough in her love, as here he defines her position: her love, as here he defines her position:

"Not that Rachel would be everything to Dunstan. A woman seldom can, never ought to be, that to any man. In all things save the power of loving, she must content herself to hold the second place. For here, as elsewhere, the law holds good that the less cannot contain the greater. Always, if the husband be what God intends him to be, the head of the wife—and Rachel did thus with reverence look up to Dunstan as her future lord—his larger nature may surround her own, may satisfy it on every side, but cannot be contained within it. Some overflowing there must ever be, and that woman is hardly to be counted happy nor her love worthy who would bring down the man's larger life to the measure of her own."

From this point of view the author was right to make Vinny marry Dunstan, for only capacity so moderate as er's could be "contained" in a nature commonplace as

An Index of Diseases and their Treatment. By Thomas Hawkes Tanner, M.D., F.L.S., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, etc. London: Henry Renshaw, 356 Strand. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.—This small but comprehensive volume is ostensibly intended to facilitate the daily work of the busy practitioner; and more especially to help him in successfully managing such cases of disease as do not readily yield to treatment. But it will prove of great service to non-professional persons who may desire to gain a general idea of diseases and their remedies, that may upon occasion be serviceable to themselves or others. It is not wise, as a rule, for people to be their own doctors; yet it cannot be denied that there are occasions when the choice lies between such doctoring and none at all. At sea, on the prairie, in the far distant mines, instances will often present when a grave necessity for medical help can be met by no professional aid whatever. In such cases a portable and explicit treatise like the one before us, written by a thoroughly scientific physician, might prove of inestimable value. There are, of course, elaborate works which contain very much more matter than Dr. Tanner's Index; but there is, perhaps, none which contains more serviceable information in proportion to its size. In addition to the Index, this convenient volume contains an appendix of formulæ of some one hundred and thirty closely printed pages, which includes a great variety of interesting and instructive information.

\*Conservative Surgery, as Exhibited in Remedying some of the Medical and the pages.

Conservative Surgery, as Exhibited in Remedying some of the Mechanical Causes that Operate Injuriously both in Health and Disease. With Illustrations. By Henry G. Davis, M.D., Member of the American Medical Association, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.—Dr. Davis has made a specialty of certain surgical diseases, and after thirty years' experience has given in this volume the results of his study and practice. The author presents himself as discoverer and inventor—the finder of valuable facts hitherto unrecognized, and the originator of equally valuable methods of cure. The principal subjects are fractures, dislocations, joint diseases, and such malformations as demand mechanical applications for their alleviation and cure. The chapter on phthisis pulmonalis is one of the most interesting and reasonable articles on this incurable (?) disease that we have ever met with. The plan proposed for the expansion of the chest and increase of active lung tissue is one so easily followed that we hope the profession will advocate its adoption, especially as the process cannot interfere with the orthodox cod-liver oil and whiskey treatment so usually prescribed by the satisfied follower of the college text-books.

The type, paper, and binding are all that could be desired, but we wish that the author had seen fit to more fully illustrate the volume, which is wall variety a reach

books.

The type, paper, and binding are all that could be desired, but we wish that the author had seen fit to more fully illustrate the volume, which is well worthy a place upon the shelves of the practitioner's library.

note miscarries and he believes her faithless. Then he rages until he has a fever, and nearly worries poor Mrs. Doyle into one also, and then for the first time Rachel appears upon the scene. Her mother had died on Mr. Gilmour's doorstep one winter's night many years ago, and an old Scotchman had adopted the child and left her his savings.

With the cloud of her origin resting on her, Rachel had grown shy, silent, and retiring from all society. But when sickness comes to Mrs. Doyle's household Rachel Comes there also to help and comfort, and nurses Mrs. Doyle and her lodger through their illness. Dunstan Dayne, like most strong men, proved querulous and impatient during sickness, and, like most selfish ones, began to think how nice it would be to have such a meek recipient of ill-temper always near him. Accordingly he proposed to his gentle nurse, whose good sense refused for

fact is, must always command the interest and reverence of those for whose use it is intended.

of those for whose use it is intended.

Commentary on the Sony of Solomon. By Rev. George Burrowes, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Lafayette College. Second edition, revised. Philadelphia: J. S. Ulaston. 1867.—Dr. Burrowes has labored faithfully on this exposition, and the call for a second edition of his work shows that it meets with favor. The volume contains a new translation of the Song, an analysis of it, and a commentary upon it, besides a long introduction, in which the author discusses the general questions connected with this part of Sacred Writ. The theory he adopts as to it is, that it is an allegory throughout, setting forth the love of Christ to his bride, which is the Church. The freedom of the language is accounted for by Oriental custom and associations. Of the allegorical method of interpretation the work is a very favorable specimen, avoiding mere fancies as much, perhaps, as is possible on the basis of this theory.

Sermons Preached at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York, during the Years 1865 and 1866. New York: Lawrence Kehoe. 1867.—These twenty sermons by the Paulist Fathers are good examples of practical, earnest, pungent preaching, on the basis of the Roman Catholic creed. The authors are not named, with the exception of the late Rev. Francis A. Baker, who wrote three of them—one quite effective and eloquent on the Miracle of Pardon. Others beside Catholics may be stimulated by these discourses, and some Protestant preachers we have heard of might learn from them how to talk plainly to the heart and conscience of men. The very homeliness and familiarity of some of the thoughts and illustrations add to their force.

Sermons for the Principal Seasons of the Sacred Year. By the Rev. Thos. S. Preston, Pastor of St. Ann's Church and Chancellor of the Diocese of New York. Second edition, greatly enlarged. New York: D. Sadlier & Co. 1867.—The reverend pastor of St. Ann's is more guarded in his dogmatic statements than are the Paulist Fathers, but less impressive and eloquent as a preacher. The doctrinal element preponderates. Still there is a good deal of profitable thought and of religious direction mingled with the exposition and defence of the articles of the creed. The differences between the Protestant and Roman Catholic systems he sometimes unconsciously exaggerates, as when he says that Protestants "have not, in scarcely any respect, the same notion as we of God and his government." The volume is well printed, on fair paper.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- W. J. Widdleton, New York.—Philip II., of Spain. By Charles Gayarré. Pp. iv., 396. 1866.
  Leyfoldt & Holt, New York.—Faith Unwin's Ordeal. By Georgiana M. Craik, author of Lost and Won, etc. Pp. 521. 1867.
  Harper & Bros., New York.—Two Marriages. By the author of John Hallinx, Gentleman. Pp. 301. 1867.
  Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.—The Story of a Trooper. By F. Colburn Adams. Pp. 616. 1865.
  T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.—Country Quarters. By the Countess of Blessington. Pp. 569. 1867.
  The Quaker Soldier. By Col. J. Richter Jones. Pp. 569.

- The Quaker Soldier. By Col. 5. Michael 1867.

  J. W. Daughaday & Co., Philadelphia.—School-day Dialogues. Compiled by Alexander Clark, A.M. Pp. 352, 1867.

  A. S. Barkes & Co., New York.—Ripley's System of Map Drawing. By E. L. Ripley, Michigan State Normal School, Pp. 11, plates vi. 1866.
- PAMPHLETS, ETC.

  T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—Spanish Without a Mater. By A. H. Montelth, Esq. Pp. 64, 1867.
  Italian Without a Master. The same. Pp. 64, 1867.
  French Without a Master. The same. Pp. 89, 1867.
  German Without a Master. The same. Pp. 81, 1867.
  THE AUTHOU, New York.—Additional Notes on the History of Slavery in Massachusetts. By George H. Mooro. Pp. 18, 1867.
- 1867.
  Also, A Review of the Late Report of the Secretary of the Treasury—Abattoirs. By Thomas F. De Voe, New York. We have also received cirrent issues of The Art Journal, London Society—London and New York; The Presbyterian Quarterly, The Galaxy, The Riverside Monthly—New York; The Congregational Review, The American Journal of Horiculture—Boston; The American Exchange and Review, Petersons Bank Note List—Philadelphia; The Crescent Monthly—New Orleans.

### LITERARIANA.

LITERARIANA.

It is a somewhat singular as well as a very contemptible circumstance that so many newspapers should be in the habit of availing themselves of the contents of these columns without a word of civility or even of acknowledgment. We do not require the advertising which such common honesty would give us, although, of course, we are glad to receive it and to maintain pleasant relations with all of our contemporaries who will permit us to do so. But we do not intend to allow journals habitually to indulge in these practices without proper and timely exposure, and a little more provocation will ensure for some of the most important among the number reproof which we shall know how to make felt. Whether the trick has its origin in simple selfish dishonesty or in a quite as contemptible wish to shirk giving credit where credit is due, matters little to us; the punishment will be the same. We pay, as is well known, very high prices for literary labor, correspondence, etc.; we are engaged in an enterprise of sufficient value and importance to the national credit to cause us to deserve and to receive all the aid and consideration the contemporary press can afford; we use no scissors or paste-pot to furnish our pages withal and we cannot, if we would, retaliate in kind for injuries such as those of which we complain. It is not satisfactory to have long passages from our reviews, or perhaps some special piece of information in our London correspondence, stolen bodily or credited to "a literary journal." There is something curiously petty and unmanly in these practices, which are, however, very much in vogue. We are, of course, aware that a certain sort of spite occasion.

ally finds expression in such devices, and that the perpetrators would shrink from stealing a coat or a loaf of bread as sensitively as the average of mankind; but what they do is not the less a theft, and a theft of a very dirty kind, since it can be followed by no legal punishment and they may continue, even to the end of the chapter, to affect not to have committed it. Under these circumstances we shall not hereafter hesitate, upon occasion, to bestow such a reward as may seem to us most fit and most certain to be appreciated.

WHILE English readers

stances we shall not hereafter hesitate, upon occasion, to bestow such a reward as may seem to us most fit and most certain to be appreciated.

While English readers are making, through the columns of The Atheneum and other journals, vigorous stacks upon the custom of issuing books with uneut edges and holding forth to the publishers the American custom of cutting them, our publishers seem likely to adopt the pestilent English practice. Beside the objection to uncut books which Dr. Holmes suggests in his Guardian Angel, there are few more annoying taxes on the patience than to find a new book thus closed to you, especially as one never has a knife when he wants it; and it is highly exasperating to have the leaves backed of handsome books such as the Messrs. Scribner's Froude's History of England, Appleton's Napoteon's Casar, Widdleton's Gayarrê's Philip II., and scores of other works recently published in this style, as are almost all of the Messrs. Routledge's, the beautiful editions of Mr. Strahan, and most others which are imported. For reference such books are inconvenient in the extreme, as a given page is difficult to find and it is impossible to turn the leaves quickly; and an equal objection exists in the fact that the rough edges will collect dust which works in and soils the paper. Besides, there is a story on record of a Scotch Presbyterian who had provided a devotional work for Sunday reading but, not having remembered to cut the pages on Saturday, was obliged to delay its commencement for a week. The explanation of booksellers is that uncut leaves afford a guarantee that the book is new. We have always suspected that it was a plot of the book-binders to force people into buying calf-bound books—which is, in fact, the plainest form in which any book should appear that is worth buying at all. The Spectator, however, suggests as the real difficulty that a book which is to be cut must be printed on wider paper in order that the margin may be preserved, and calls for a further reform in the shape of a w

THESE pretty verses are from Mr. Samuel W. Duffield, whom the readers of THE ROUND TABLE will be glad to hear from again after his too long silence:

TERRA INCOGNITA.

A little song has come to me, A strain of sadness from over sea; And I hear its music and love it well, Though the heart which framed it I cannot tell.

A little picture comes to me, A dash of brightness from over sea; There are clasping hands and a holy face— But the name of the artist who can trace?

So I, in faith which comes to me, Believe in a land across the sea, Where my vaguest fancles stand supreme In a grand perfection beyond my dream.

O land unknown! in thee alone Shall formless lyries to shape be grown; In thee all rhapsody riseth true And the thoughts of beauty are ever new.

O land unknown! where all is best, In thee is my aspiration blessed, For I toil and tarry until I may, With my broken sentences, pass away.

Stanley one of the ablest of living chose writers.
For I toil and stray until I seasy,
Mr. CHARLES II. We Burk very funny Liftih Lank has
secared that tribute of admiration to which ill conditions
a newspaper editors are addited—to wit; it was stolen
belily, illustrations and all, and disply reproduced in a
first heart of the strain of the work to other people's brains and other publisheses money. As an well conduing which approaches it—
news, miscallary, and even lending articles being obtained by this incorrigible robbery. In the case of Light
Lank, therefore, it is with peculiar statisfication that we
learn that the author, who is protected by a copyright
of its work, will make an example of the offendors. For
this Philadelphia paper, but one of the most singular
cases of a fand where the defrauder had nothing to
gain occurred a day or two after the robbery of Mr. Webb,
then The Telegraph, to control the control of the strain of the

Sun, confesses himself as indebted to the 'Pivardière' case, in the Causes Célèbres, for the main incidents in his Griffith Gaunt." the Causes Célèbres, for the main incidents in his Griffith Gaunt." It may suggest itself to those who read our article that Mr. Reade was indebted no less to Mr. Collins than to the Pivardière case for episodes which do not occur in the latter. Perhaps, too, after the past discoveries respecting Griffith Gaunt, it may not surprise our readers to learn that yet another portion of the story whose originality has not yet been impugned has a no less striking identity with matter long previously in print.

The new daily—The New York Evening Gasette—exhibits steady improvement, and by the spirit and vivacity of its management justifies the hope of its successful establishment. The main features of its plan are similar to those of that excellent newspaper The Boston Transcript, and if there be not room for such a journal in this great metropolis there certainly ought to be. Mr. Sweetser has gathered a staff of able, experienced, and racy writers; and his careful exclusion of matter which can be objectionable to the most fastidious should recommend his paper in circles which can well afford to give it substantial and permanent support. The Evening Post and Express, both valuable and interesting papers for the classes to which they appeal, do not, however, exhaust the field which, in our judgment, can supply handsome room for a non-political, sparkling, and graphic evening sheet such as The Gazette aims to be. The enlargement of the latter paper, which so quickly followed its first appearance, is a promising sign, and we trust it will be followed by a solid fruition of deserved prosperity.

We have received from Messrs. Kirby & Co., of Broad-

lowed by a solid fruition of deserved prosperity.

We have received from Messrs. Kirby & Co., of Broadway, an "imperial photograph" of Crawford's last and most beautiful work, the Dancing Jenny. The work is executed by Rockwood and is an exceedingly fine specimen of its class. Next to possessing the marble itself, we can imagine no clearer idea of the sculptor's purpose than can be obtained by the purchase of these photographs. We have never seen a representation on a flat surface which more vividly impressed upon the sense a conviction of projection than does the picture before us.

WE find in The Turf, Field, and Furm—which is a very creditable attempt to make a paper of the stamp of The London Field, its part namesake—a severe criticism of Mr. Tom Hughes for a late attack on the British turf, contained in one of his letters to The Tribune. It observed the state of the tribune is a contained in one of his letters to The Tribune. serves that

"When Mr. Hughes talks about the turf being a canker to civilization, he forgets that to it England is indebted for much of her fame; he forgets that it yields a large revenue to the government, and he fails to remember that an Englishman could not exist without his out-door sports. It is the most refining of popular pastimes, and if the people were deprived of their race-courses to-day, it does not follow that they would lose their love for the open air and become more sedentary in their habits. A passion for out-door amusement is one of the characteristics of the British people, and we do not see that their gratification of this passion has been attended with many disadvantages to them. On the contrary, it has resulted in good: for the English, in health, stamina, morals, art, and intelligence, are not behind any nation on the face of the globe."

on the face of the globe."

Now, although we have doubts about the turf being "the most refining of popular pastimes," there is much truth in the general drift of the argument, and undoubtedly the horses of England have been refined by the pastime if men and women have not. The subsequent analogy, however, about gambling on the turf and on 'change, although plausible is scarcely tenable. As in the case of the stage, it is not the thing per se, but associations, which do the mischief; and so long as those associations appear to be inevitable, so long will moralists reproach both theatres and horse-races. The Turf, etc., appears to be carefully conducted, and has in Mr. C. H. Stanley one of the ablest of living chess writers.

The following, sent us from the far West, is not quite as reverential as it might be, but the verses are pretty enough, for once, to serve as an excuse:

an English sovereign can receive nothing without more than compensating the giver. We advise Mr. Bennett to make a present of *The Herald* establishment to Na-poleon III. It would be an advertisement equally good as his son's and quite as inexpensive.

THE following reaches us from the snow-bound hills f Berkshire:

A SNOW SONNET.

A BNOW SONNET.

Btrange, silent, subtle snow! Norm without sound, A shadowy shape, yet palpable in might, Whose terrors twine about us in a night, And from soft sleep and sweet awake as bound, A tented held and ghostly troops around—
White waving lags from every wintry free Flout in our lace the vannt of victory,
That earth and we a conqueror have found, Not the red wrath of Jove's electric blow, Nor ruthless rage of wanton winds at war,
That shake the seas and make the mountains jar,
Hath spell so weird and wondrons as the snow.
The silent, stealthy snow, whose frozen breath
Holds half a world in thrail, locked in a living death.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

GEN. JAMES WATSON WEBB, the veteran New York editor, formerly minister to Austria and now to Brazil, will, it is rumored, return ere many months to this city to re-establish The Courier and Enquirer.

will, it is rumored, return ere many months to this city to re-ostabilsh The Courier and Enquirer.

Mr. William L. Stone's lecture on The Early Newspaper Press of America recounts some of the annoyances to which editors are subjected, on which topic, by the way, Mr. Charles Dawson Shanly enlarges amusingly in his article on Comic Journatism in the February Atlantic. We quote from Mr. Stone's lecture: "Very queer ideas are entertained by a large portion of the public in regard to the rights and duties of editors, and the relationship subsisting between the editor and his subscribers. When James I. was asked to define a free monarchy, he replied that it was a government where the monarch was left free to do as he chose. Some people, by a similar process of reasoning, seem to think that a free press is a press that is free for everybody to say what they please of others—provided always that nobody shall have the liberty of saying anything against them. The editorial workshop is often the theatre of many amusing scenes, from which hundreds of comic sketches might be drawn every year. Everybody thinks himself capable of giving the best possible advice to an editor; and writes him down as a very long-eared animal if ho does not follow it, forgetting that there are any other principles, views, or opinions than those entertained by himself. In this happy country everybody is not only born a politician but a statesman; and everybody who thinks he has caught hold of the wing or the leg of an idea, thinks he is qualified forthwith to write for the press; and everybody, of course, thinks that his own darling essay must have the first place, and that all creation will stand still till it is published. And if the editor dares to reject it, on account of its objectionable character, or because of its sorrowful composition, or for want of room, he is denounced as a blockhead, or as destitute of spirit, and 'stor My PAPER' is often the reply and country press, who think they are conferring a particular favor upon the editor by

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prefix of 'honorable' except younger sons and daughters of peers who have not higher courtesy titles. Being a member of Parliament gives no right to be called 'honorable,' though, in the House of Commons, a man is spoken of as 'the honorable gentleman.' The title of 'right honorable' belongs only to peers and privy councillors."

DR. E. R. HUMPHREYS, of Brooklyn, favors us with the following translation from Burns into Latin elegi-acs and alcaics:

LINES BY BURNS.

The day returns, my bosom burns, The blissful day we twa did meet, Tho' winter wild in tempest toiled, Ne'er summer-morn was half sae sweet.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide And crosses o'er the sultry line— Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes, Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight, Or nature aught of pleasure give, While joys above my mind can move, For thee, and thee alone, I live!

When that grim foe of life below Comes in between to make us part, The iron hand that breaks our band, It breaks our bliss, it breaks my heart!

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN ELEGIACS.

Jam redit alma dies in quâ convenimus ambo, Que tibi me junxit jam redit alma dies ! Dira licet rabies hiemis sewiret acerbe, Verna voluptatem non tulit hora parem.

Quærat enim longæ quamvis commercia terræ Cymba, peregrinas et vaga portet opes, Regifico gemme decorent litest atria luxu, Has, mihi tribuit te, Deus auxit opes.

Dum mihi Naturæ facies bene grata placebit, Dum repetent solitas Noxque Diesque vices, Dum mihi percellent cælestia gaudia sensus, Tecum egomet, mea lux, vivero solus amem i

Quamque superveniens ictu Libitina supromo Dividet unanima pectora juncta fide, Dur a manus rigido perrumpens vincula ferro Vulnere me feriet—victima cœsa cadam !

THE SAME TURNED INTO ALCAICS.

Nunc primi amoris corda redux mea O! ter beatis deliciis dies Incandit, atrox tunc procellis, Vere tamen potior sereno,

Prestare possunt quid melius mihi Naves onusto mercibus Indicis ? Quid purpura aut regum corona ? Te propriam mihi Di dederunt !

m lucis almæ et noctis sunt vices posque vitæ permanet integer ; Dum spe boni celestis ardet Intima mens—Tibi, amata, vivo

Quum nostri amoris ferrea copulam Lenita nullà Mors prece distrahet, Tunc cuncta vanèscet voluptas, Corque meum lacerum interibit i

Coque meun jacerum interibit!

In The Warrenton (N. C.) Indicator we find a somewhat despairing cry for a History of North Carolina. Of partial histories several creditable works are mentioned, but toward a complete history, it appears, the only essay which has been made is a work, of which we have never heard, by a Mr. Wheeler, whose efforts are spoken of in terms violently denunciatory. Dr. Francis L. Hawkes, indeed, devoted himself to writing a History of North Carolina, of which two volumes have been published; but the completion of the work was prevented by his death, and we have never heard whether he had made further progress with it. Amid so much local history as is now coming from the press in various forms—pamphlets, privately-printed volumes, contributions from historical societies, even, as we notice in two New Jersey papers, state histories continued from week to week—it seems inexplicable that one of the original thirteen states should still be in this destitute condition.

From Chicago we have received a neatly-printed little

From Chicago we have received a neatly-printed little four-paged sheet, The Western Antiquarian, to be issued monthly at a rate—\$2 per year—which might seem excessive were it not for the limited class of readers whom it addresses. The first number promises well for its fulfilment of the promise of its title, and we recommend it to archeologists, antiquarians, bibliopoles, numismaticians, and all the variations of their confraternity.

Mr. WILLIAM B. PIKE, of Bradford, Mass., is preparing a work on Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose intimate friend he was for many years.

MR. EPES SARGENT is writing another novel of Amer

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD is about going to

MR. WILLIAM HOWITT-whom a Philadelphia paper MR. WILLIAM HOWITT—whom a l'iniadeiphia paper very surprisingly styles "the ablest republican writer in England"—has sent to Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., of Philadelphia, for immediate publication the advance sheets of Woodburn Grange: a Story of English Country Life, his new novel about to appear in London.

DR. CHARLES H. S. DAVIS, of Baltimore, is preparing a *Life of Spinoza*, and intends editing a complete edition of his works.

MR. L. J. BIGELOW, of Watertown, N. Y., has written a book of Legal Anecdotes, which are to appear in Har-per's Monthly before their publication in book form.

Miss Mary L. Booth has translated two more volumes of Martin's History of France, which will be published in New York next fall. Miss Booth is at present engaged upon a translation of Eugene Sue's Mysteries of the People, of which the first of the eight parts, admirably translated, has been issued in this city by Mr. Clark, and of which we speak more fully on another page.

Dr. T. W. Parsons, of Boston—whose translation of the Inferno is soon to be published—has printed, under

the title of the The Magnelia, a little volume of his later

MR. CORTLANDT PARKER read at the recent meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society a paper on the life of Gen. Philip Kearney. The paper, which took two hours in the reading, is to be published by the society.

Mr. G. W. Carleton sails next week on a trip of some months to Venezuela.

MR. G. W. CARLETON sails next week on a trip of some months to Venezuela.

MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON MOON, in his preface to a new edition of the Dean's English, soon to be published in England, takes occasion to compare the example of Dean Alford disadvantageously with the solicitude of educated Americans for the purity of the English language. The unfortunate dean's grammatical delinquencies are still further held up to ridicule. It appears that the luckless dignitary has just published an appendix to the Queen's English, which has not yet reached this side of the water, which, to use Mr. Moon's words, "although written after four years more study, abounds with errors as gross as any that were found in the dean's first essay." As an instance of which we quote the following: "Abnormal' is one of those words which has come in to supply a want in the precise statements of science; those words which has come in to supply a want in the precise statements of science; those words which has come in to supply a will wisely reflect on the folly of attracting attention to a style of writing 'which,' as Junius said of the character of Sir William Draper, 'will only pass without censure when it passes without observation.'" In the course of his preface Mr. Moon takes occasion to regret that the only edition of the Dean's English known in this country is a reprint "from an early issue of it, and contains only a portion of the matter published in the subsequent editions," while the want of an international copyright again exemplifies itself by making it impossible for him to rectify the matter or have an authorized edition. It is to be hoped we may yet have the complete work in its later form.

The Globe Shakespeare of Messes, Macmillan & Co. having proved so nonular as to reach a sale of nonlar

is to be hoped we may yet have the complete work in its later form.

The Globe Shakespeare of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. having proved so popular as to reach a sale of nearly 80,000 copies, the publishers purpose continuing the series as the Globe Library, to include the most famous authors of the world. Three volumes of this series are now in press, Milton edited by Professor Masson, Scott by Mr. Palgrave, and Burns—a posthumous work—by Alexander Smith. The chef deuver of Shakespeares is the Cambridge Shakespeare, of which the ninth and last volume has appeared, and which has been edited by Messrs. Clark and Wright, upon the plan of excluding from the text all novelties of punctuation, corrections of doubtful passages, verbal changes, and other emendations which have gradually crept in, and thereby approaching as nearly as can now ever be done to the text of the poet himself. In foot-notes, however, are collected all the variations and suggestions made by Shakespearian scholars for more than a century and a half—the gist of two hundred and seventy different works, making a Shakespearian Bibrary in the single work. In alluding to the Handy-volume Shakespeare as a triumph of English typography at once cheap and dainty, we were in error in our estimate of the number of volumes. There are, it seems, to be but ten, of which three are already received by the New York importers.

FROM a statement of English publications in 1866, in The Bookseller, it appears that the whole number of new books and new editions was 4,204, of which religious works were most numerous, being 849; next came children's books, 544; then novels, 390. In Ireland bookmaking may almost be said to be unknown, four small volumes, which are together sold for a shilling, being the only recent publications of which The Bookseller is aware, although a Dublin publisher is printing 50,000 copies of William Cobbett's History of the Reformation. In Russia, it appears, the publications for 1863 numbered 1,852 books, and in 1864, 1,836. The Italian Minister of Public Instruction has gathered statistics which show that the number of volumes to each 100 persons in various European nations are 264 in Bavaria, 19-5 in Italy, 11-7 in France, 11 in Prussia, 10-4 in Belgium, 6-9 in Austria, 6 in Great Britain, 1-3 in Russia—placing Great Britain surprisingly low in the scale, only semi-barbarous Russia appearing at a disadvantage as compared with her. FROM a statement of English publications in 1866, in

THE last English mail brought the intelligence of the THE last English mail brought the intelligence of the death of Alexander Smith, the Scottish poet, novelist, and writer of miscellanies in prose. Mr. Smith made his début as a daring innovator in a style of writing which soon lost its charm with the public, and he never fully recovered from the effects of the reaction. Of late years he has been a contributor to The Argosy, Good Words, and other magazines, and for several years before his death was secretary to the University of Edinburgh. Very recently it was announced that he had a poem nearly ready for the press—probably Leith, a poem descriptive of the old town, upon which he was at work as long as four or five years ago. as four or five years ago.

MR. B. W. PROCTER—Barry Cornwall—has been obliged from the stiffness of his fingers to relinquish the autobiography he projected writing, so that his delightful Chartes Lamb will probably be his last work. Though hearty and cheerful and as young in heart at seventy-seven as ever, he is described as physically feeble and moving about with difficulty.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD—who vacates his Oxford professorship next Easter in favor, it is to be hoped, of John Ruskin—is preparing a report for the government upon education in Germany. Mr. Arnold, it is said and we heartily trust it may be so, projects a visit to this country, where his friends are anxious that he should make a lecturing tour.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE—who is spending the winter months with friends at Nice—is said to be engaged upon

autobiographical reminiscences, whose publication, if made at all, will be posthumous.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID's friends, in consideration of his pecuniary reverses, have formed themselves into a committee and advertise urging that "each one of the gallant captain's numerous admirers shall purchase a copy of his last and greatest work." The captain, says The Bookseller, is about to appear as a lecturer.

M. EDMOND ABOUT is shortly to be appointed to an important government office.

M. Ponsard, the poet, has been appointed by Marshal Vaillant librarian of the Elysée.

THE Abbé Domenech, who was almoner to the forces of the expedition, has just issued Mexico as it is, said to be a very delightful book.

M. LESAINT is soon to make a journey to Central Africa, to assist him wherein the Geographical Society of Paris has opened a subscription and the Société Scientifique has contributed 2,000 francs.

M. VICTOR COUSIN—the most eminent of recent French philosophers—died on the 14th inst. in the seventy-fifth philosophers—di year of his age.

An Anglo-Saxon professorship is to be founded at Cambridge University.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

Correspondents of Notes and Queries are reminded that no com-munications to THE ROUND TABLE will be read by the Editors if they are not authenticated by the writer's signature.

Sin: In Miss Harriet E. Prescott's story of the Amber Gods the following lines are quoted:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

"I overlean
This length of hair and lustrous front—they turn
Like an entire flower upward.

Look at this woman with a new soul. Shall to produce form out of unshaped stuff Be art; and, further, to evoke a soul From form be nothing? This new soul is mine!

Some unsuspected isle in the far seas.

And you are ever by me while I gaze,
Are in my arms as now—as now to
Are in my arms as now—as now to
I have been puzzled for some time to tell where these lines were
taken from. They are strangely familiar, and probably belong to
some poem or play which I have read long ago, and which has
passed out of my memory. I have searched through a monther of
books to find them, but without success, and I now appeal to you
or some of your readers through the Notes and Queries column of
your ranger.

PHILADELPHIA, January 18, 1867.

To the Editor of The Round Table:

Bull Can you or any of your readers inform me who was the author of Crystalina, a fairy tale, by an American, published in New York in 1916. Rettell, in his Specimens of American Patry, published it 1839, says: "We have not been able to learn the name of the author, but the high merit of the poem will not allow us to pass it without notice."

C. H. S. D.

Baltimore, Md., January 22, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HOUND TABLE :

Nin: The passage from Casar in your issue of the 19th inst., page 46, to wit: "Hodie, Casar, mihi ant vivo aut morno gratias ages," is erroneously translated by Mr. Vandenhoff, thus: "This day, Casar, you should thank me, dead or alive." A correct translation of the word "ages" would be no less "foreble" than his, and it would at the same time give the idea of the centurion: "This day, Casar, you shall thank me, dead or alive."

New York, January 32, 1807.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE !

"Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, Or leave," etc., etc.

Or leave, "ite., etc.

You will confer a favor on a "Constant Reader" of your admirable Journal by setting him aright concerning the authorship of the above lines, which he finds among a collection of pooms published by Hen Jonson as the product of his talent, and in one of his works entitled The Forest. A friend informs we that Philostratus wrote them, and that Ben Jonson merely translated them. Did Ben Jonson write, i. e., compose them, or did be translate them?

### THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 105,

SATURDAY, JAN. 26.

THE PUBLIC DEBT AND FREE TRADE, JUDICIAL REFORM, THE NEW YORK OF THE FUTURE, NOMINAL NONSENSE, HANDSOME WOMEN, LITERATURE KALEIDOSCOPIC, TERPSICHORE IN FETTERS, ALBION PAPERS.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

WHY NOT A UNIVERSITY? THE METAPHYSICS OF PLAGIARISM, WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

### REVIEWS:

J. S. MILL AND FRENCH POSITIVISM. WALTONIAN J. S. MILL AND FREACH POSITIVISM, WALTONIAN HOBBIES, ELEMENTS OF ART CRITICISM, INSANITY IN 1TS MEDICO-LEGAL RELATIONS, BROUGHT TO LIGHT, DARRYLL GAP,
THE WOMEN OF THE GOSPELS, ROBERT SEVERNE,
THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY,
LIVES AND TIMES OF THE ROMAN PONTIFFS,
A GRAMMAR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

LITERARIANA.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

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- 3. Philological Studies, their Benefits and Beauty.

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- 9. The Era of Wickliffe

36. The Tendency of Modern Thought in Religion, Philosophy, and Politics.
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blacopal elergy. Dr. HUMPHREYS is permitted to refer to many eminent clergynes and scholars in New York, Brooklyn, and Boston. He will resume reading with a few college students.

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### NOTICES OF THE PRESS

The notices given by journals to each other are not so, frequently dictated by impartial judgment and so free from persona considerations as, for the good of literature and whole cism, they ought to be. It is, however, sometimes interesting to readers to know what other writers think of a favorite paper, and we therefore quote from a few of our contemporaries the following

Trübner's London Literary Record of December, 1866, speaks as

"THE NEW YORK HOUND TABLE is the best literary paper pubfished in the United States. It is independent, out-spoken, free from anything like favoritism, and we believe totally inaccessible to corrupt influence; its warm advocacy of international copyright and its denunciations of really indecent literature deserve special acknowledgment."

### The Charleston Mercury says

The Charleston Mercury says:

"The Round Table.—This periodical has, by its manly and independent criticism and fearless advocacy of the true as opposed
to the false, and realities as opposed to conventional shams, established itself firmly in public opinion as our most successful
weekly review; while the ability of its corps of contributors confirms the good feeling which its vigorous and anti-Philistine
spirit has generally excited. The Round Table is conducted
well in every department; and, so great is our need of a thoroughly
earnest and energetic paper—free from tie of party or personal
connection—that we hope, in the interest of literature, that it
may go on increasing in prosperity and usefulness until all the may go on increasing in prosperity and usefulness until all the expectations of its proprietors are far more than fulfilled."

### The London (Anglo-American) Times of Oct. 20 says :

"We have transferred to our columns an article from THE ROUND TABLE, in which that fournal replies to an allegation of ROUND TABLE, in which that journal replies to an allegation of The New York Evening Post, accusing it of not being up to the mark of the leading London weeklies, falling indeed considerably behind the standard of such a journal as The Spectator. The ROUND TABLE, with the good sense that characterizes it, meets the charge by a simple admission of its truth, and retorts by say-ing what is true in a still greater degree, that it comes nearer to the standard of excellence attained by the chief London weeklies than the New York daily press does to that of the leading London dailies. The ROUND TABLE may instance its own successful exdailies. The ROUND TABLE may instance its own successful es dailies. The ROUND TABLE may instance its own successful establishment as a proof of the rapid advance of journalism in the United States. It is characterized by the strongest and freest expression of truth; commenting without fear on social, political, and moral delinquencies. Its articles are the reverse of 'snippety,' and its opinions are expressed without any regard to the public feeling of the moment. The consequence is, that this journal steadily gains in reputation and power; and as its circulation increases, the ability of its proprietors will increase to attain their avowed aim, to bring their organ up to the standard they have in view."

The New York Herald (Oct. 21) says:

"The ROUND Table gives indications of healthy life. It has real vital fire, and there is a fruitful field before it."

### The (London) Bookseller says :

"THE ROUND TABLE, a weekly journal published in New York is edited with an amount of good taste and elegance by no mean common in the United States."

### The Utica Morning Herald says:

"THE ROUND TABLE is the leading literary paper of the coun-ry—a well-informed, impartial, high-toned, and vigorous organ

### The Davenport Gazette says :

"Its writers are vigorous and independent thinkers, and its articles are marked by great variety, breadth, and force of treatment, graceful scholarship, and applicability to the interests and questions of the present time. We hazard nothing in saying ment, graceim seconarsin, and applicability to the interests and questions of the present time. We hazard nothing in saying that it is the best edited literary paper of the day, and it has be-come such by its disdain of all literary cliques and chicanery, its devotion to a high ideal, and by great liberality of dealing with its contributors. Such a journal is a powerful educator wherever

### The American Publishers' Circular says :

THE ROUND TABLE is a first-class literary journal, and bids fair to become permanently successful. It is certainly the best thing of the kind ever attempted in this country, and should be encouraged by all who have any taste in literature."

### The Georgia Constitutionalist says:

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### The World (New York) says:

"THE ROUND TABLE, though not by any means a perfect liter ary weekly, is certainly the nearest approach to one we have ever had in this country. It is spiritedly edited, generally well written, and every number contains articles of real permanent value. Its criticisms are of the 'slashing' order; and the vigor and audacity with which it attacks public men and books a ual in this country.

\*.\* These notices are taken almost at hap-hazard from a collection of some hundreds; but they will serve to show that, while THE ROUND TABLE has been, very much to its advantage, flercely and even scurrilously abused by the lower class of political and soi-disant literary journals, especially in rural districts, the great mass of educated opinion is decidedly in its favor as the National SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND ART.

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1867. PROSPECTUS.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

1867.

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